The September, 1916. 6d. Net.

BOOKMAN

O. HENRY

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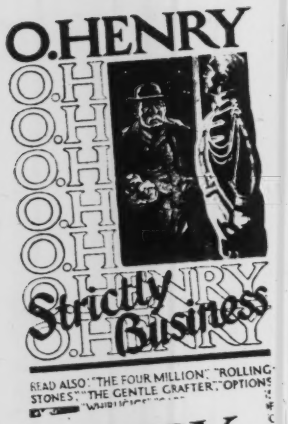

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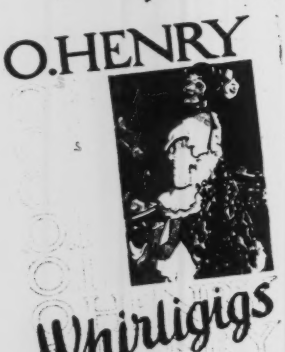

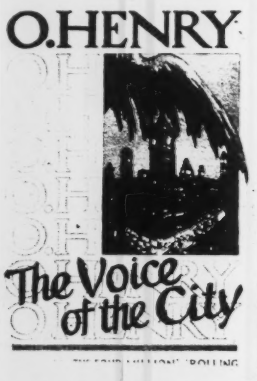

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STEPHEN LEACOCK

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"Boundary House," a new novel by Miss Peggy Webling, will be published next month by Messrs. Hutchinson. The story takes its title from a house which stands on the boundary between Paddington and Kensington. Some of its scenes are laid on the river, and some in Kent, but the main interest centres on the toyshop keeper, Old Fob, who lives in the Boundary House.

Before rejoining her regiment and leaving for the front, Miss Flora Sandes has written her war adventures as a hospital nurse and, later, as a Serbian soldier, in "An Englishwoman Sergeant in the Serbian Army," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton will publish.

A new novel, "The Chaste Wife," by Frank Swinnerton, is to be published shortly by Mr. Martin Secker.

Early this month Mr. Heinemann will publish "Gallipoli," Mr. John Masefield's book on the Dardanelles campaign, in which he served as a Red Cross worker. It will be illustrated with official photographs and in letterpress and pictures gives a most striking presentment of the achievements of our troops under extremely trying circumstances.

"Damaris," the novel of life in India on which Lucas Malet (Mrs. St. Leger Harrison) has been engaged for some years past, is at length ready for publication, and will be issued immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol has completed a new novel—a romance of modern life, which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are publishing in the autumn. The same firm has in hand for early publication "With Cavalry in 1915," by Frederic Coleman, whose "From Mons to Ypres with French" has been one of the most popular of this year's war books.

When the war broke out, Mrs. Frances Wilson Huard was living at the Chateau de Villiers, the summer home of herself and her husband, "situated near the Marne River, sixty miles or an hour by train from Paris," and she has written in "My Home in the Field of Honour," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, a graphic and intensely moving story of what a German

Gunner Westbrook,
whose volume of war verse, "Anzac and After," has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth.

invasion means to the lands that suffer from it. The pleasant days in the Chateau immediately before the war are sharply contrasted with the misery and devastation that flowed round and over it with the coming of the German hordes. There are haunting pictures of the refugees streaming past her gates from outlying villages, and a thrilling narrative of the escape of herself and her household, and the perils they passed through before they arrived at safety. If anyone is still inclined to doubt the degeneracy and bestiality that are now commonly attributed to the Germans, he should read this book—of how civilians, especially women, fared at their hands, and the description of the looted and unspeakably defiled Chateau, which had been occupied by General von Kluck and his staff, when Mrs. Huard returned to it at the end of a fortnight, after the invaders had been driven back out of Villiers. This is one of the most grimly fascinating books we have had about the early days of the Great War. It is illustrated with twelve delicately finished drawings by the author's husband, the distinguished American artist, Mr. Charles Huard.

Mr. Louis J. McQuilland, who is known here and in America as an Irish poet of force and distinction, has made a first complete collection of his poems under the title of "A Song of the Open Road, and Other Verses," and the book will be published forthwith by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co. It is illustrated by David Wilson, and will contain a proem in verse by Mr. G. K. Chesterton and a Preface by Mr. Cecil Chesterton.

Messrs. A & C. Black are publishing immediately Mr. E. Lipson's "Europe in the Nineteenth Century," a concise analytical study of the development of the chief European States during the last hundred years. A concluding chapter is devoted to an elucidation of the antecedents and underlying motives of the present war.

Two interesting new novels that Messrs. Stanley Paul are to publish this month are "Their Lives," by Violet Hunt, and "A Grain of Mustard," by Hamilton Drummond.

Messrs. Cassell have a strong fiction list for the autumn. It includes "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," by H. G. Wells; "The Lion's Share," by Arnold Bennett; "Malvina of Brittany," by Jerome K. Jerome; and "Mike," by E. F. Benson.

Miss Olga Racster and Miss Jessica Grove, the joint authors of "The Phases of Felicity" (Allen & Unwin), which we review in this Number, have collaborated in writing a patriotic one-act play, "From G.S.W." (From German South-West) which is to be produced in this country by Miss Ethel Irving when she returns from South Africa. Miss Racster, who was born in Russia of English parents,

Miss Jessica Grove.

is well known in South Africa as the musical critic of the *Cape Times*, and as a writer of many stories and popular serials. She has travelled widely and was at one time on the staff of the *Egyptian Gazette* in Cairo. For four years she was assisting with the revised edition of Grove's "Dictionary of Music," for which she rewrote several of the articles. She has written many songs, and some books, including "Chats on Violins" and "Chats on Violoncellos," which were published by Mr. Werner Laurie. Miss Jessica Grove belongs to the family of which Sir George Grove was the most distinguished member. Her musical beginnings date from childhood, when she showed extraordinary talent as a child pianist, but on revealing a soprano voice of great promise she was sent to study in France and Germany, and, amply fulfilling that promise, had entered upon a brilliant career as a singer when the failure of her health sent her to South Africa three years ago.

"The Harvesting," a new volume of poems by Mr. Fothergill Robinson, which Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing, will have an Introduction by Professor Selwyn Image. Mr. Macdonald also announces a memorial edition, in one volume, of "The Plays of Mrs. Percy Dearmer," with a memoir and introduction by Captain Stephen Gywnn, M.P. The plays will include "Don Quixote," a hitherto unpublished drama.

Mr. Sydney A. Moseley, who was a war-correspondent at Gallipoli throughout the Dardanelles Campaign, has written his experiences into "The Truth About the Dardanelles," which is published by Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Moseley witnessed the operations from the start, and some of his revelations and opinions seem likely to rouse considerable controversy.

Miss Olga Racster.

Mr. Sydney A. Moseley,
whose new book, "The Truth about the Dardanelles," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

At this time of world tragedy the significance of prayer in daily life is everywhere becoming more widely recognised. With the object of gathering together a record of the thoughts of those who have realised its meaning and power, and of publishing what may seem helpful, The Walker Trustees of St. Andrew's University invite essays on Prayer, its meaning, power and reality, its place and value to the individual, to the Church, and to the State; in the everyday affairs of life, in the healing of sickness and disease; in times of distress and of national danger, and in relation to national ideals and to world progress. A prize of £100 is offered for the most widely helpful essay, in any language, open to anyone in any part of the world. Additional prizes may be allotted. Closing date, June 1st, 1917. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, The University, St. Andrews, N.B.

The three brilliant articles by Sir A. Conan Doyle describing his visits to the British, French and Italian battle lines have been issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton in a sixpenny book under the title of "A Visit to Three Fronts."

A quaint little volume entitled "12 Occupations," written and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère, will be published shortly by Mr. Elkin Mathews. M. de Bosschère is well known in Paris and Moscow, but this is the first of his works to be published in England. Mr. Mathews has also in preparation a memorial volume entitled "Destur Mobed, and Other Stories," by Edgar Birnstingl, with a Prefatory Note by Elizabeth Lee. This comprises a collection of short stories of the mysterious, the unusual, the fantastic, written by a boy who died at the early age of sixteen.

The little known story of the great ruins of Ceylon and the forgotten kings of that island is told by Miss G. E Mitton in "The Lost Cities of Ceylon," which Mr. John Murray is publishing. Miss Mitton, who is the editor of "The Writers' and Artists' Year Book," has also completed another book, "The Cellar-House of Peroyse," which Messrs. A. & C. Black have in hand for autumn publication.

"From Warfare to Welfare," a book of essays on social reconstruction by R. Dimsdale Stocker, will be published this month by Messrs. Cecil Palmer & Hayward.

A second book of German experiences by Miss Anne Topham, "Memorials of the Fatherland," will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. Sax Rohmer,
whose new book, "The Exploits of Captain O'Hagar," has been published by Messrs. Jarrold.]

Mr. Harold Harvey.

Mr. Harold Harvey is author and illustrator too of "A Soldier's Sketches Under Fire," which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are issuing this month. He was well known as an artist before he became a soldier. Within a month of the outbreak of war, he sailed to France with his regiment, and after serving for some while in the trenches was seriously wounded at Ypres and invalided home. His sketches were made in his notebook under fire, and are said to be extraordinarily vivid and realistic. Mr. Harvey, who is now in the Royal Fusiliers, was formerly a trooper in the Hertfordshire Yeomanry.

"The Barton Mystery" has gone the way of all successful plays nowadays, and Mr. George Goodchild has translated it into a novel which will be published shortly, under the same title, by Messrs. Jarrold.

A life-study of Theodore Roosevelt by Charles S. Washburn is announced by Mr. Heinemann to be ready this autumn.

The Countess of Warwick, who has for long past been doing her share among the women war workers, has written a series of articles which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing in a volume to be called "A Woman and the War."

The first novel of a promising new writer, "Jane's Husband, or Two in a Caravan," by Susan Redgrave, will be published this month by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. It is the romance of a hasty wooing and a headlong marriage, followed by a sort of caravan honeymoon during which the husband and wife fell happily in love with each other.

A war book of exceptional interest is one on "Naval Preparedness," by Mr. Winston Churchill, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have in the press.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

FREDERICK NIVEN.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Frederick Niven has written round about a dozen books, all of them well above the average ruck of fiction and one or two of them memorable, yet I am not sure that he has written enough to warrant any critic making up his mind definitely about the importance of his work or his place in contemporary letters. Mr. Niven, in fact, presents the rare and somewhat extraordinary spectacle of a writer of undoubted power, well on in the creative thirties of his age, who is still experimenting with his medium. He has seen the vision of life and seen it clearly; every one of his books shows that, as well as those penetrating little essays on all sorts of subjects which he contributes occasionally to the newspapers and magazines. But he seems to be groping about, not indeed for expression, but for the choice of the suitable thing to express. His books are like those finished little studies which artists make towards the preparation of a larger work. Sometimes, as in "A Wilderness of Monkeys," it is a study in emotion; in others it is a study in composition or grouping; and even "Justice of the Peace," which seems to me the finest of his novels, is rather like a portion, worked out lovingly in great detail, of a larger and more complete conception.

It is, however, not in any depreciatory sense that I speak of Mr. Niven's novels as studies. They have the charm which all sincere work of a true artist has—the charm of potentiality. One admires each of them for itself and also for what it promises. It is not that the best of his books are not finished and harmonious in their proportions, but that in the very presentment of his subjects he seems to hint at bigger things preparing and to come. It is this feeling of eager anticipation which he has the power to arouse that has made me (and, I am bound to believe, others also) hasten to read every new book of his as soon as it is published. One has the tantalising consciousness of something just over the horizon, something which it will be worth much effort to glimpse, and which one is obliged to confess, is long in appearing. But personally I am convinced that one of these days Mr. Niven will write a book that will loom against the sky-line in any backward or forward view. What kind of a book it will be I am not quite sure, and the data that presents itself for the solution of the problem is contradictory. Is "Dead Men's Bells," for instance, merely a study in style, a reminiscence of Stevenson, or does it mean that one day Niven will write us a wonderful Scottish romance? Is "The *S.S. Glory*" a conscious exercise in the method of Conrad, or does the austere realism of it spring from a similar outlook? Are "Justice of the Peace" and "Ellen Adair" and "Two Generations" significant of a determination in our author to compete with the modern realists on their own ground, or are these books again the fruit of a subconscious seeking for the course which shall let the creative stream flow unhampered? It is all very puzzling. One may take Mr. Niven's books one by one and show how they might have been derived, for the comparisons force themselves upon one. And yet each of these books is so extraordinarily good that, as I say, they seem to represent a definite potential. Reviewing the work as a whole there is no apparent consistency, no apparent unity of purpose. One feels that an artist of unusual power is at work, but it is an artist who has not yet found himself; an artist who so far has been too much engrossed with technique and who has been content to show his excellence in conventional forms.

Photo by Annan. **Mr. Frederick Niven.**

I sometimes wonder whether the very variety of Mr. Niven's life has not had some harmful effect upon the unity of his writings. He has seen so much and been through so many extraordinary experiences that the temptation to follow the easier course, to record rather than to interpret, must have been difficult to resist. Mr. Niven has been a sailor before the mast and a librarian in a Scottish city. He has been a clerk and he has been a cow-puncher (or something equally adventurous in the West of America). He has eaten the bread of respectable monotony and rustled for his meals in wild places. He has probably lived more stories than the average man has experienced new ideas. He has seen human nature with the gloss of civilisation rubbed off it, and he has found it not less (and not more) interesting than the human nature which can be observed in any house in any suburb in any town. He has communed with his soul under the stars in lonely places and

become a philosopher; he has worked his way as a deck-hand on a cattle-boat and become a poet; he has fought life grimly with the gloves off and become a humanist. I do not think, having regard to his history, that it is any wonder that Mr. Niven has still his greatest work to do. He has not yet attained the placidity of remembered emotion. He has lived too fully and too recently for the web of his life to form a pattern in his artistic consciousness. He is not yet sure of what his life may mean.

Intelligibly enough, the first of Mr. Niven's books was a story of adventure. It was called "The Lost Cabin Mine," and was a really excellent example of the Wild West tale, which, judging from its popularity on the films, has a perennial charm for the youth in all of us. Indeed, I have always wondered how it is that the enterprising film producers have so far managed to ignore this book and its successor, "Hands Up," as materials for scenarios. The chief character in both of them is a chivalrous desperado known as The Apache Kid, and properly handled, he ought to make a fortune for the cinema playwright who has imagination enough to exploit him. The stories, though unpretentious enough, are much above the average of their kind, for they both have that indefinable thing known as quality, which is usually quite lacking in stories of adventure. "Hands Up" ran as a serial through a well-known American magazine before it was published in book form by Mr. Secker, and I believe that to this day in remote towns on the other side Mr. Niven's fame is kept green. Had he followed out this vein our author might have won considerable material prosperity as an exponent of the thing which O. Henry calls "The Great Heart of the West."

Two years after the publication of his first book, however, Mr. Niven was off on another tack. He was still preoccupied with romance, but this time he produced a buccaneer story called "The Island Providence." A very good buccaneer story it was; written with a kind of nervous terseness which was infinitely alluring. I shall never forget the delight I felt when I came across, on the first page of it, an expression, quite simply used which is almost biblical in its downrightness. In this book I find however the first indication of that preoccupation with technique (I had almost said, that precosity) which I cannot help thinking is going to mar Mr. Niven's creative development unless he puts it deliberately on one side. He is no longer concerned merely to tell a plain story, but is consciously striving after "atmosphere." This, indeed, he succeeds in achieving, but it is a question whether in doing so his art has not become too obviously artifice. Nevertheless "The Island Providence" is a spirited piece of work which even a jaded reader of romance should enjoy.

Mr. Niven's next book, "A Wilderness of Monkeys," marked an even greater change. It is nothing less than a delicate psychological study of the artistic mind: the scene laid in a Scottish town and the chief character a writer who is obviously modelled on Henry Harland. It is immensely clever and, in its presentation of the revolt of a man desiring and seeking beauty, against the sordid preoccupation of his fellows with the naked business of sex, it is quite justifiable satire. But it is precious to the last degree, and the very clean-mindedness of the hero in his pursuit of beauty strikes one as rather morbid. Following this book came a volume of short stories entitled "Above your Heads," a collection of tales which had been rejected by magazine editors as being beyond the mental grasp or comprehension of their readers; then in 1912 "Dead Men's Bells," and a year later "The Porcelain Lady." Of the first of these I have already spoken; the second is a story of journalistic life in Fleet Street, the record, undoubtedly, of another phase in Mr. Niven's career. The book is full of humour, and it contains perhaps the most lovable of Mr. Niven's female characters in the person of Ruth Winter. I am not going to say this is a great book or that it comes within measurable distance of "Little Devil Doubt," the finest story of Fleet Street ever written, but, in their genre one must rank these two together as representing the highest point of achievement so far.

Mr. Niven's latest phase is represented by the three novels, "Ellen Adair," "Justice of the Peace," and the new book, published only a month or two ago, "Two Generations." They are all three essays in the school of modern realism; but to say this is to remark upon the least essential of their qualities. In every way they are bigger and more ambitious than any work Mr. Niven has previously done, and more than all his other books they display that elusive quality of potentiality I have spoken of before. "Ellen Adair" is the story of an Edinburgh girl who became a prostitute, and had the author been less true to his art it might have been a big seller in those remote days before the war. But it is austere, like all Mr. Niven's work, and the author absolutely refuses to sentimentalise, which is probably the reason why it is not displayed large on every bookstall. "Ellen Adair" is the most coherent of all Mr. Niven's novels, and in spite of its entire absence of sentimentality, perhaps because of it, this simple story of an Edinburgh girl is both intimate and sympathetic. In this book too one finds the first indication that Mr. Niven is concerned with a reading of life rather than the mere telling of a story. The same tendency is even more plainly marked in "Justice of the Peace," and it comes quite clearly into the light in "Two Generations," which may be superficially described as a study of heredity in a middle-class family. I cannot help thinking that, in this last book, Mr. Niven has too consciously taken on the rôle of interpreter; but however one may be disturbed by it (and I have been disturbed by a kind of echo of the creative unrest of the author), one is bound to recognise that the pattern of the fabric on the artist's loom is taking form. I regard these three books as heralds of something very big to come. They are transition work; the author, whether he knows it or not, is beating his wings against the confining bars of a literary tradition, from which he will one day escape. Perhaps the very stress and agony of our modern days may open the door.

C. S. EVANS.

THE READER.

O. HENRY.

By A. St. John Adcock.

USUALLY, when we write of how the critics and the public of an earlier generation were slow to recognise the genius of Meredith or Mark Rutherford, we do it with an air of severe self-righteousness which covers an implication that we and our more enlightened age are not likely to repeat such blunders, that the general taste and critical acumen of our time may safely be relied upon to assess contemporary authors at their true value and put them, with unerring promptitude, into their proper places. The fact is, of course, that even our modern literary judgments are not infallible, and that we are really in no position at all to throw stones at our forefathers. It were sufficient for us if we devoted our energies to getting the beam out of our own eye and left the dead past to bury its dead mistakes.

O. Henry.

Take the very modern instance of O. Henry. Thousands of us are reading his stories at present and realising with astonishment that he was a great literary artist—with astonishment because, though we are only just arriving at this knowledge of him, we learn that he commenced to write before the end of last century, and has been five years dead. Even in America, where he belonged, recognition came to him slowly; it was only towards the close of his life that he began to be counted as anything more than a popular magazine author; but now, in the States, they have sold more than a million copies of his books, his publishers announce in their advertisements that "up goes the sale of O. Henry, higher and higher every day," that he has "beaten the world record for the sale of short stories"; and the critics compete with each other in comparing him to Poe and Brete Harte, to Mark Twain and Dickens, to de Maupassant and Kipling. We cannot put ourselves right by saying that he was an American, for in the last few years at least two attempts have been made to introduce him to English readers, and both of them failed. Then a little while ago Mr. Eveleigh Nash embarked on a third attempt and commenced the publication of a uniform edition of the works of O. Henry in twelve three-and-sixpenny volumes. They hung fire a little at first, I believe, but by degrees made headway, and before the series was completed it had achieved a large and increasing success. This was recently followed by an announcement of the issue of the twelve volumes in a shilling edition by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton; the first six have appeared, and the remainder are to be published before the end of the year, and as the publishers estimate that by then, at the present rate of sale, at least half a million copies will have been sold, one may take it that, at long last, O. Henry is triumphantly entering into his kingdom.

In a brilliant appreciation of "The Amazing Genius of O. Henry," in his new book, "Essays and Literary Studies" (John Lane), Professor Stephen Leacock speaks of the wide and increasing popularity of O. Henry in America, and of his "strange obscurity" in Great Britain. He thinks it "only too likely that many, perhaps the majority, of British readers have never heard of O. Henry." That was certainly true when it was written, but in the last six months our long-suffering public has risen above the reproach. Professor Leacock tries to suggest a reason for our indifference. "The British reader turns with distaste," he says, "from anything which bears to him the taint of literary vulgarity or cheapness; he instinctively loves anything which seems to have the stamp of scholarship, and revels in a classical allusion even when he doesn't understand it." But for the sting in its tail and the passage that succeeds it, I should suspect this sentence of irony, for the British reader received at once and with open arms the joyous extravagances of Max Adeler (who, by the way, should not have been entirely ignored in Professor Leacock's essay on "American Humour"), and there is nothing in "Elbow Room" or "Out of the Hurly-Burly" that is funnier or more quaintly humorous than some of Henry's stories, but O. Henry can move you to tears as well as to laughter—you have not finished with him when you have called him a humorist. He has all the gifts of the supreme teller of tales, is master of tragedy as well as of burlesque, of comedy and of romance, of the domestic and the mystery-tale of common life, and has a delicate skill in stories of the supernatural. Through every change of his theme runs a broad, genial understanding of all sorts of humanity, and his familiar, sometimes casually conversational style conceals a finished narrative art that amply justifies Professor Leacock in naming him "one of the great masters of modern literature." He is not, then, of that cheap type of author from whom, as the Professor says, the British reader "turns with

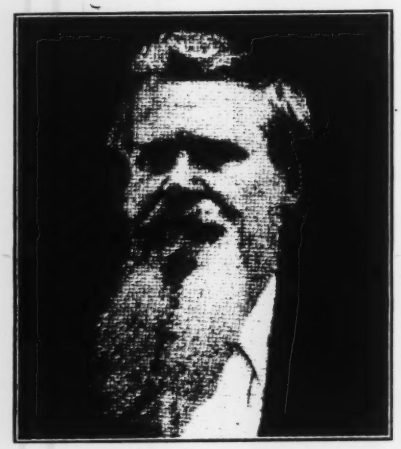
distaste." He has not been received among us sooner simply because, to repeat Mr. Leacock's statement, "the majority of British readers have never heard of O. Henry," and obviously until they have heard of him it is impossible that they should read him. Therefore, the blame for our not sooner appreciating him rests, not on our general public, but on our critics and publishers. If he had been adequately published, and adequately reviewed over here before, British readers must have heard of him, and their complete vindication lies in the fact that now, when at length he has been adequately published and reviewed, and so brought to their notice, they are reading his books as fast as they can lay hands on them.

O. Henry
at the age of 6.

I.

A Life of O. Henry--or, to give him his real name, William Sydney Porter—is in preparation and will be published shortly; until then, we must content ourselves with such scattered fragments of biography as are available.

He was born in 1867 in North Carolina, probably at Greensboro, where, at all events, he spent his earlier years. His father was a doctor, a large-hearted, capable man, who was for some while editor of the local paper. His mother died when he was a child, and he was brought up under the influence of a maiden aunt who conducted a private school. He left school to go as a clerk in the drug store of his uncle, Clarke Porter, and it was here that he first revealed his natural bent by writing and illustrating a comedy-satire in which he caricatured the local celebrities who formed a social club which gathered of evenings round the stove in the drug store. It was read out at one of the gatherings, and so accurately caught the peculiarities of his listeners that some of his models recognised themselves and were seriously offended. His health beginning to fail, it was decided that town life and the sedentary work of the drug store were not good for him, and whilst he was still in his 'teens, he was sent away to a ranch in Texas, where he remained for three years. Among a little sheaf of miscellanies, given at the end of one of his twelve volumes, "Rolling Stones," are several letters written from Texas to his friends between 1883 and 1885, and in one of these, to Dr. W. P. Beall, he says he has "almost forgotten what a regular old gum-chewing, ice-cream destroying, opera ticket vortex, ivory-clawing girl looks like"; and adds, "If you see anybody about to start to Texas to live, especially to this part, if you will take your scalpyouler and sever the jugular vein, cut the brachiopod artery and hamstring him, after he knows what you have done for him he will rise up and call you blessed." Which may hold some indication of his real sentiments but is no more to be taken too literally than is this pen-picture of himself in the same letter:



Algernon Sidney Porter
(O. Henry's Father).

"If long hair, part of a sombrero, Mexican spurs, etc., would make a fellow famous, I already occupy a topmost niche in the Temple Frame. If my wild untamed aspect had not been counteracted by my well-known benevolent and amiable expression of countenance, I would have been arrested long ago by the Rangers on general suspicions of murder and horse stealing. In fact, I owe all my present means of lugubrious living to my desperate and bloodthirsty appearance, combined with the confident and easy way in which I tackle a Winchester rifle. There is a gentleman who lives about fifteen miles from the ranch, who for amusement and recreation, and not altogether without an eye to the profit, keeps a general merchandise store. This gent, for the last few months, has been trying very earnestly to sell me a little paper, which I would like much to have but am not anxious to purchase. Said paper is my account, receipted. Occasionally he is absent, and the welcome news coming to my ear, I mount my fiery hoss and gallop wildly up to the store, enter with something of the *sang froid*, grace, abandon and *recherche* nonchalance with which Charles Yates ushers ladies and gentlemen to their seats in the opera house, and, nervously fingering my butcher knife, fiercely demand goods and chattels of the clerk. This plan always succeeds. This is by way of explanation of the vast and unnecessary stationery of which this letter is composed."

A more reliable portrait of him, as he was in those days, is to be found in this recollection of one of his associates:

"Porter was the littlest man in the crowd. He was about five feet six inches tall, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, had coal-black hair, grey eyes, and a long, carefully-twisted moustache; looked as though he might be a combination between the French and the Spanish and I think he once told me that the blood of the Huguenots flowed in his veins. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen I ever knew. His voice was soft and musical with just enough rattle in it to rid it of all touch of effeminacy. He had a keen sense of humour and there were two distinct methods of address which were characteristic with him—his business address, and his friendly address. As a business man his face was calm, almost expressionless, his demeanour was steady, even, calculated; but the minute he was out of business that was all gone. He always approached a friend with a merry twinkle in his eye and an expression which said, 'Come on, boys, we're going to have a lot of fun,' and we usually did."

From the ranch, O. Henry went to work on a newspaper in Houston City; thence, to become a clerk in a bank at Austin, Texas, and here he bought a newspaper of his own, which he renamed *The Rolling Stone*, and wrote and illustrated himself, letting his burlesque, whimsical humours run riot

Cover design
from "Whirligigs," by O. Henry
(Hodder & Stoughton).

in it and making it, surely, one of the queerest and most unconventional periodicals that ever got into circulation. But he abandoned it before long to go wandering to New Orleans, and all about Central America, where he "knocked around mostly among refugees and consuls." By-and-by, he returned to Texas for a spell, and then at length he went to New York, where, with occasional holidays in search of health, he spent the remaining nine years of his life. He had commenced his literary career in earnest whilst he was in New Orleans, but the best and greater part of his work was done in those last nine years. Working to the end, in the last sketch that he completed, "Let Me Feel Your Pulse," he tickled the gaunt ribs of death and laughed at the illness that was wearing him away; and in 1911, when his reputation throughout America was well established, and his powers seemed to be still maturing, when he had achieved popularity and was on the threshold of fame, he died in the Polyclinic Hospital of New York at the age of forty-four.

II.

While he was in the bank at Austin, O. Henry suffered a stupidly heavy-handed injustice; he had behaved foolishly and was punished as harshly for his folly as if it had been an unmitigated crime. He felt the shame of this acutely. It was the kind of wrong that would have soured and embittered most men, but its effect on O. Henry seems to have been to make him infinitely charitable, infinitely sympathetic towards all humanity, especially towards those who had been racked and broken in the world's torture chambers. It had the effect, too, of making him an exile from the places that had known him and sending him forth on that wandering, bohemian existence from which he was for ever yearning to return, and then yearning to get back to when he had returned from it. Just before his marriage to Miss Sara Lindsay Coleman, of Asheville, North Carolina, O. Henry wrote asking his friend Gilman Hall to make certain arrangements for the wedding, and added:

Cover design
from "Cabbages and Kings," by O. Henry
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"I'm right with you on the question of the 'homelike' system of having fun. I think we'll all agree beautifully on that. I've had all the cheap bohemia that I want. I can tell you, none of the 'climbers' and the cocktail crowd are going to bring their vapourings into my house. I'm for the clean, merry life, with your best friends in the game and a general concentration of energies and aims. I am having a cedarwood club cut from the mountains with knots on it, and I am going to stand in my hallway (when I have one) and edit with it the cards of all callers. You and Mrs. will have latchkeys, of course."

And in a scrap of autobiography, written after he had become a more or less orthodox citizen of New York, he looks back wistfully, remembers how at eighteen he "went to Texas and ran wild on the prairies," and observes that he is:

Cover design
from "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry
(Hodder & Stoughton).

Cover design
from 'Sixes and Sevens," by O. Henry
(Hodder & Stoughton).

"See Tom and the Dog.
Will Tom hurt the Dog?
Oh, no! Tom will not hurt the Dog.
Tom will give the Dog a bite to eat."

From a drawing by O. Henry in "Rolling Stones" (Eveleigh Nash).

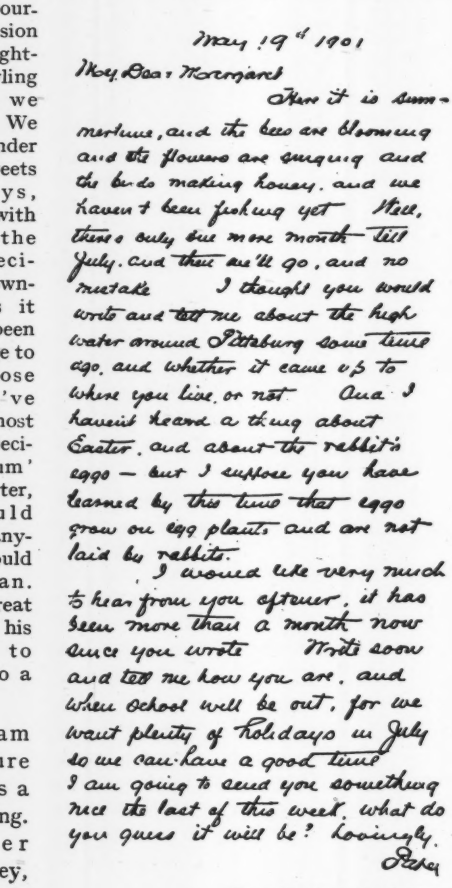
"Wild yet, but not so wild. Can't get to loving New Yorkers. Live all alone in a great big two rooms on quiet old Irving Place three doors from Wash. Irving's old home. Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps, and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say presently up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her, and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Swanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight,' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the good of wishing?"

But you can see, now, that the life he lived was the life that was best for him; that every phase of it had its share in making him the prose troubadour that he became. Half his books are filled with stories that are shaped and coloured by his roamings, and the other half with stories that he gathered in the busy ways and, particularly, in the byways of "little old New York." For the scenes, incidents and characters of his tales he had no need to travel far outside the range of his own experiences, and it is probably this that helps to give them the carelessly intimate air of reality that is part of their strength. He touches in his descriptions lightly and swiftly, yet whether he is telling of the old-world quaintness of North Carolina, the rough lawlessness of Texas, the strange glamour of New Orleans, the slumbrous, bizarre charm of obscure South American coast towns, or the noise and bustle and squalor, and up-to-date magnificence of New York, his stories are steeped in colour and atmosphere. You come to think of his men and women less as characters he has drawn than as people he has known, he writes of them with such familiar acquaintance, and makes them so vividly actual to you. He is as sure and as cunning in the presentment of his exquisite senoritas, his faded, dignified Spanish grandees and planters and traders and picturesque rather comic-opera Presidents of small South American republics, as in drawing his wonderful gallery of Bowery boys, financiers, clerks, shop-girls, workers and New York aristocrats. You scarcely realise them as creations, they seem to walk into his pages without effort. His women are, at least, as varied in type and as intensely human as his men: he wins your sympathy for Isabel Guilbert, who was "Eve after the fall but before the bitterness of it was felt," who "wore life as a rose in her bosom," and who, according to Keogh, could "look at a man once, and he'll turn monkey and climb trees to pick cocoanuts for her," no less than he wins it for Norah, the self-sacrificing little sewing-girl, of "Blind Man's Holiday," or the practical, loyally passionate wife, Santa Yeager, of "Hearts and Crosses," or the delightful Mrs. Cassidy who accepts the blows of her drunken husband as proof of his love ("Who else has got a right to be beat? I'd just like to catch him once beating anybody else!") in "A Harlem Tragedy," which would be grotesquely farcical if it were not for its droll air of truth and the curious sense of pathos that underlies it.

You may depend that the record a friend has given of O. Henry's habits when he was living in Texas, might as truthfully have been written of him during his years in New York:

"Porter was one of the genuine democrats that you hear about more often than you meet. Night after night he would call me to come along and 'go bumming.' That was his favourite expression for the night-time prowling in which we indulged. We would wander through streets and alleys, meeting with some of the worst specimens of down-and-outers it has ever been my privilege to see at close range. I've seen the most ragged specimen of a 'bum' hold up Porter, who would always do anything he could for the man. His one great failing was his inability to say 'No' to a man."

But I am not so sure that it was a great failing. He never valued money, but spent it or gave it away as fast as he made it.



May 19th 1901

My Dear Margaret

How it is summertime, and the bees are blooming and the flowers are singing and the birds making honey, and we haven't been fishing yet. Well, there's only one more month till July. And then we'll go, and no mistake. I thought you would write and tell me about the high water around Pittsburg some time ago, and whether it came up to where you live or not. And I haven't heard a thing about Easter, and about the rabbit's eggs — but I suppose you have learned by this time that eggs grow on egg plants and are not laid by rabbits.

I would like very much to hear from you oftener, it has been more than a month now since you wrote. Write soon and tell me how you are, and when school will be out, for we want plenty of holidays in July so we can have a good time. I am going to send you something nice the last of this week, what do you guess it will be? Lovingly,

Papa

Facsimile of letter from O. Henry to his daughter.

From "Rolling Stones," by O. Henry (Eveleigh Nash).

Even in the days when the editors were ready to pay him almost any price he liked for whatever he wrote, he was continually short of cash and would find it necessary to write a story and request prompt settlement in order to replenish his exchequer, or sometimes would call on an editor and show him a synopsis of a story yet to be written and draw payment for it in advance.

I am not going to attempt to say which is the best of his tales; they vary so widely in subject and manner that it is impossible to compare them. There were moods in which he saw New York in all its solid, material, commonplace realism, and moods in which it became to him "Bagdad on the Subway," and was full of the magic and mystery of romance, as Soho is in Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." His Wild West stories are a subtle blend of humour, pathos and picturesqueness; some of his town and country stories delight you by their homely naturalness, others are alive with sensation and excitement, others again are pure fantasy or things for nothing but laughter. Then there are such as "Roads of Destiny," which, with a strange dream-like quality, a haunting, imaginative suggestiveness, unfolds three stories of the same man—as one might see them in prevision—showing that whichever way of life he had chosen he would have been brought to the same, appointed end. The eerie touch of other-world influences is upon you in this, as it is in "The Door of Unrest," an uncanny, queerly humorous legend of the Wandering Jew in a modern American city; and as it is in "The Furnished Room," which Professor Leacock justly singles out as one of the finest of O. Henry's works. "It shows O. Henry at his best," he says, "as a master of that supreme pathos that springs, with but little adventitious aid of time or circumstance, from the fundamental things of life itself. In the sheer art of narration there is nothing done by Maupassant that surpasses 'The Furnished Room.'" It could only be misrepresented in a summary, for though O. Henry always has a good story to tell, its effectiveness is always heightened immeasurably by his manner of telling it.

Miss O. Henry
(Miss Margaret Porter).

Miss Margaret Porter has lately made her debut as a story-writer in the American magazines, and has adopted her father's pseudonym.

It is in sheer art of narration, and in the breadth and depth of his knowledge of humanity and his sympathy with it that he chiefly excels. He was too big a man to be nothing but an artist, and the bigger artist for that reason. He has none of the conscious stylist's elaborate little tricks with words, for he is a master of language and not its slave. He is as happily colloquial as Kipling was in his early tales, but his style is as individual, as naturally his own, as a man's voice may be. He seems to go as he pleases, writing apparently just whatever words happen to be in the ink, yet all the while he is getting hold of his reader's interest, subtly shaping his narrative with the storyteller's unerring instinct, generally allowing you no glimpse of its culminating point until you are right on it. "The art of narrative," says Keogh, in "Cabbages and Kings," "consists in concealing from your audience everything it wants to know until after you expose your favourite opinions on topics foreign to the subject. A good story is like a bitter pill with the sugar coating inside of it"; and this art O. Henry practises with a skill that is invariably admirable and at times startling. More than once he leads you deftly on till you arrive at what would seem an ingenious ending, then in a sudden paragraph he will give the whole thing a quick turn and land you in a still more ingenious climax that leaves victory in the hands of the character who had seemed to have lost.

"Cabbages and Kings," a series of stories held together by a central thread of interest, is the nearest O. Henry came to writing a novel. Towards the end of his career his publishers urged him to write one, and among his papers after his death was found an unfinished reply to them setting out something of his idea of the novel he would like to attempt. It was to be the story of an individual, not of a type—"the *true* record of a man's thoughts, his descriptions of his mischances and adventures, his *true* opinions of life as he has seen it and his *absolutely honest* deductions, comments and views upon the different phases of life he passes through." It was not to be autobiography: "most autobiographies are insincere from beginning to end. About the only chance for the truth to be told is in fiction."

But his novel remains without a title in the list of unwritten books. Whether, if it had been written, it would have proved him as great an artist on the larger canvas as he is on the smaller, is a vain speculation and a matter of no moment. What matters is that in these twelve volumes of his he has done enough to add much and permanently to the world's sources of pleasure, and enough to give him an assured place among the masters of modern fiction.

XUM

THE LAST JOURNEY OF RUPERT BROOKE.

By E. MONRO PURKIS.

IN these days of war, when life is cheap, and death is the portion of youth equally with age, many a bright career, cut short in the hour of its unfolding, has passed from public notice for ever with a newspaper paragraph, or the placing of a mural tablet in some obscure country church. One of the few exceptions has been Rupert Brooke. Probably not since Byron died at Missolonghi has the passing of a soldier-poet so moved that public of England which loves art and letters. Nor has that sorrow been the fleeting regret of a day. The succeeding months have deepened it in the hearts of those to whom he and his work were known, and widened it by extending the circle in which his poetry is read and appreciated. The manner of his dying spread the rumour of his quality, and many now know what some few realised before, that in Rupert Brooke lay the possibility of great things in poetry. To be sure, most of the poems he has left are only poems of promise, beginnings, foreshadowings, bourgeonings of hopeful augury. Nevertheless, even the earliest of his published poems are instinct with that force of high and original personality which is the first qualification for rank in literature. In contrast with most early work, his poetry contains very few traces of the influence of other poets. Occasionally one seems to catch an echo of Swinburne, or of Shelley, or a stray note of Milton, but there is ever present an impulse which is none of these, and in his later poems that impulse emerges from the bourgeoning to the bud, from the bud to the opening leaf, to something new and fresh and exquisitely rare. There death found him.

One seeks to learn all one can of such a life, but the circumstantial facts of the career of Rupert Chawner Brooke are few and simple, and do not differ materially from those of the life of the average young Englishman who passes through the Public School and the University. He was the son of a master of Rugby, Mr. W. P. Brooke, and was born at Rugby on August 3rd, 1887. He entered the school in 1901, and proceeded thence to Cambridge about five years later. While at Rugby he won the school prize for an English poem on "The Bastille." His University record was not without distinction, and in 1913 he gained a fellowship at his own college—King's—as his father had done before him. It is of some interest to record that social questions interested him deeply, but poetry was evidently his master-passion from the first. The only volume of poems which was published during his lifetime was that which appeared in December, 1911. The volume, "1914; and Other Poems," did not appear until a few weeks after his death. In the last years of his life he travelled much. He visited Germany and Italy, and in the year before the war he went to America and the Pacific, setting out in May, 1913, and returning on the eve of the outbreak of war. His journeyings in the South Seas yielded some poetic fruitage for his last volume; probably there would have been more if the war had not come.

When the war broke out Rupert Brooke's response to the call of arms was prompt and eager. It could hardly have been otherwise, for his was "a pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift." He became a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Naval Division in September, 1914, and in October accompanied the expedition to Antwerp. Coming back safely, he sailed with the British Mediterranean Expeditionary Force on February 28th, 1915, never to return. His war sonnets reveal with pathetic directness his readiness for death, and, indeed, a premonition of its approach. Years before, he had written of death coming early and relentless, "'mid youth and song," "through laughter, through the roses," and all the delights of life at its fullest and happiest, and this is indeed the theme which, unfolded in the manner of a theme of loftiest music, runs through all his poetry until its consummation in those deathless sonnets of sacrifice. It is difficult to conjecture what measure of permanence Rupert Brooke has attained in his poetry, but one feels that those last sonnets, at any rate, will survive the scrutiny of the years and find an abiding place in English literature.

The fate which Rupert Brooke had foreseen was all too soon in coming. It is known that Sir Ian Hamilton—himself a literary soldier—would have given him an appointment of greater safety, but he was not of the mould to seek safety, and less than two months after he sailed with the Mediterranean Force he died on a French hospital ship in the Ægean from blood-poisoning, on April 23rd, 1915, being then twenty-seven years of age.

He was buried at Skyros. A touching account of his burial has appeared in the first volume of "Memorials of Old Rugbians who fell in the Great War," and through the courtesy of those responsible for that work, which was printed for private circulation, we are enabled to reproduce it. It was written by a comrade, Sub-Lieutenant W. C. Denis-Browne, subsequently killed in action, and calls vividly to mind the "last journey" of Robert Louis Stevenson in far-off Samoa, which Rupert Brooke himself had so recently visited. The narrative by Sub-Lieutenant Denis-Browne is as follows:

"We found a most lovely place for his grave, about a mile up the valley from the sea, an olive grove above a watercourse, dry now, but torrential in winter. Two mountains flank it on either side, and Mount Khokilas is at its head. We chose a place in the most lovely grove I have ever seen, or imagined, a little glade of about a dozen trees, carpeted with mauve-flowering sage. Over his head droops an olive tree, and round it is a little space clear of all undergrowth.

"About a quarter past nine the funeral party arrived and made their way up the steep, narrow and rocky path that leads to the grave. The way was so rough and uncertain that we had to have men with lamps every twenty yards to guide the bearers. He was borne by petty officers of his own company, and so slowly did they go that it was not till nearly eleven that they reached the grave.

"We buried him by cloudy moonlight. He wore his uniform, and on the coffin were his helmet, belt, and pistol (he had no sword). We lined the grave with flowers and

hoto by Wallace, N.Y.

O. Henry.

olive, and Colonel Quilter laid an olive wreath on the coffin. The chaplain who saw him in the afternoon read the service very simply. The firing party fired three volleys and the bugles sounded the 'Last Post.'

"And so we laid him to rest in that lovely valley, his head towards those mountains that he would have loved to know, and his feet towards the sea. He once said in chance talk that he would like to be buried in a Greek island. He could have no lovelier one than Skyros, and no quieter resting place.

"On his grave we heaped great blocks of white marble; the men of his company made a great wooden cross for his head, with his name upon it, and his platoon put a smaller one at his feet. On the back of the large cross our interpreter wrote in Greek. . . . 'Here lies the servant of God, sub-lieutenant in the English Navy, who died for the deliverance of Constantinople from the Turks.'

"The next morning we sailed, and had no chance of re-visiting his grave."

So passed Rupert Brooke. In our human view of things, the yielding up of youth to death is always a tragedy, the life that has not its full tale of years is always incomplete, but in truth it is not so. "Life is measured by intensity, not by dial, dropping sand, or watch." The broken pillar is no fit emblem for him whose mortal remains lie in that olive grove of Skyros. His life was completed in early sacrifice, and crowned with a peculiar glory. For the rest—the marble slabs that lie upon his grave, though they last a thousand years, shall be a poor symbol for the immortality of that spirit which once animated the dust beneath.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1916.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best epitaph, in four or eight lines of original verse, on Captain Fryatt.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to May Herschel-Clarke, of 254, Burrage Road, Woolwich, S.E., for the following:

LA CAVALLINI.

Suggested by Doris Keane's characterisation of "La Cavallini" in "Romance."

Just what you are, you little dark-eyed thing,
Bewild'ring creature of a thousand moods—
One moment some shy fairy of the woods,
Elusive as a bird upon the wing;
The next a fair coquette, the beauty men
Have sold their souls to gain—to kiss that mouth—
Some rare exotic blossom of the South,
Made for the sunshine of a day; and then
A golden voice, a music well-nigh pain
So near the springs of Life and Death it seems,
That for a space man dreams nor knows he dreams
Till the last echo dies; or yet again
A sad-eyed child, whom Life too soon has taught
The meaning of that pearl-hung, jewelled cross—
The pain of love, the agony of loss—
Or just a simple woman passion-wrought—
I cannot tell.
Yet gazing at that face
Of southern beauty in its jet-black frame,
Those lang'rous, melting eyes whose hidden flame
Could warm, bewitch or sear; the poise and grace
E'en that stiff fashion of the long ago
Seeks but to aid; ah child, as there you stand—
Grace to the finger-tips of that small hand
So flower-like 'gainst your dress—one thing I know:
Something are you far more than all the art
Of pen or brush or gesture could devise—
Child-woman with the great appealing eyes.
Sometime, somewhere you had your counterpart.
Out of the past you rose (ah, witching glance!)—
A light, a star, "a warmth in all this cold,"
A breath of youth to hearts grown early old,
A perfume of that magic thing—Romance!

MAY HERSCHEL-CLARKE.

We also select for printing:

MEMORY.

Her laughter made the wild birds sing
And in her steps bright flowers would spring—
I see no flowers now.

For her the sun would chase the cloud
Until he reigned in splendour proud—
I see no sunshine now.

Her presence filled the world with light
So pure it blinded my poor sight—
I live in darkness now.

For me there are no songs, no flowers,
No sun to brighten my dark hours,
But only memories now.

(D. P. Thomas, 30, Park Road, Clarence Gate, N.W.)

THE SPINSTER.

I have no roses left to offer you,
No opal fragrance from the summer dawn:
Only the browning clover from the fields,
And white mist rising to the autumn stars.

You came so late, alack, my day is spent.
I waited all the golden morning hours,
Flushed with the dreaming vision of your face,
And the dear words your heart would say to me,

Till threads of grey are woven in my hair,
And I forget the merry ways of youth.
I have no roses left to offer you.
My heart is but a red rose overblown.

(Ethel Knott, Old Malden, Worcester Park, S.W.)

A FRIEND.

I love to pass your little house
Beside the sea,
Your door is ever open wide,
I know, to me.

I may not see you as I go,
To call good-night,
But as I pass your gate I feel
My heart grow light.

And I forget the weary world
Brimful of care,
And all the way along I say,
A friend lives there!

(Beryl Carter, Glyndebourne Farm, Ringmer, Sussex.)

We also select for special commendation the sixty lyrics by Madeleine C. Munday (Calvados, France), A. Welch (Chiswick), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Hylda Cole (Kilmacolm), Bombardier A. M. Reid (Cornwall), J. S. C. (Ripon), Editha Jenkinson (Harrogate), Don A. N. Gardiner (Hyde Park), Christine D. M. Orr (Colinton), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Mona Douglas (Isle of Man), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Marguerite E. Coles (Guernsey), Eveline Ida San Garde (Accrington), D. E. Belfield (Northwood), P. Messenger (Alton), A. F. B. (Croydon), Gunner T. A. King (Plymouth), Muriel I. Baker (Golders Green), Cyril G. E. Bunt (Balham), Grace Cracknall (N. Kensington), D. J. Darlow (Woking), Beatrice Craig (Ireland), M. Whitford (Taunton), Marie Greening (Northampton), E. A. Porter (Birmingham), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Blake Kelly (Dublin), Christine Chaundler (Russell Square), Sergt. M. B. K. Hemphrey (Farnboro'), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Dorothy G. Clegg (Clapton), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Alice E. Page (Burgess Hill), R. G. (Sheffield), Arthur Thrush (London, E.C.), M. McGuire (Byfield), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Nora B. Fry (Willesden), E. R. L. (Durham), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), W. Siebenhaar (W. Australia), A. L. G. (Raynes Park), Kathleen Kevin (Belfast), P. H. Coke (Harrogate), Winifred Barrows (Minchinhampton), T. Yarwood (Northwich), Margaret O. Curle (London, S.W.), Walter P. Davisson (Winnipeg), B. Shotts (Glasgow), R. Scott Frayn (Silsden), Laurence Tarr (Forest Gate), G. F. Simpson (Manchester), Violet Walker (Whitehaven), D. M. W. Glenridding (St. Albans), E. Cornell (Bromley), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hayes), Reginald Gray (Darlington), Frank Reid (Rio de Janeiro).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to S. M. Isaacson, of 14, Gordon Place, Campden Hill, W., for the following:

OUT THERE. BY CHARLES IGGLESDEN. (John Long.)
"Accept my thoughts for thanks;
I have no words."
HANNAH MORE, *Moses.*

We also select for printing:

A GREAT SUCCESS. BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD. (Smith, Elder.)
"You balanced an eel on the end of your nose."
L. CARROLL, *Father William.*
(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 33, Hartfield Road, Eastbourne.)

ANDROCLES AND THE LION. BY BERNARD SHAW. (Constable.)
"Now good digestion wait on appetite."
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth, Act III., Sc. IV.*
(F. Webster, 5, Turquand Street, Walworth, S.E.)

WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF. BY SILAS HOCKING. (Ward, Lock & Co.)
"Why am I lying awake so late?"
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, *The Sick Child.*
(Winifred Parker, Robertswood, Matlock, Derbyshire.)

RICHES AND HONOUR. BY W. H. ADAMS. (Smith, Elder.)
"I'll manage to submit to these
Luxurious superfluities."
W. S. GILBERT, *The Reverend Simon Magus.*
(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

IRRECONCILABLES. BY ELIZABETH HART. (Melrose.)
"The Lion and the Unicorn
Went fighting through the town."
LEWIS CARROLL.
(Mary Angell Lane, 41, Radley Road, Tottenham, N.)

CAPTAIN CALAMITY. BY ROLF BENNETT. (Hodder.)
"The rock he split upon was quarts."
HOOD.
(Charles Powell, 82, Egerton Road, Withington, Manchester.)

Cover design
from "Roads of Destiny," by O. Henry (Hodder & Stoughton).

THE GOLDEN MEAN. REVIEW BY EDWIN PUGH, page 138, August number, "BOOKMAN."
"Neither a borrower, nor a lender be."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*
(Wm. Stewart, 17, Park Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best four lines of verse on Holidays in Wartime is awarded to Mrs. Guy Branson, of 272, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, for the following:

These holy-days are consecrate to thee,
England, our mother! Proudly do we share
The common lot of those thy warrior sons
Forging an endless chain of work and prayer.

From among the numerous other replies received we select for commendation the twelve by Helen C. Stone (Thornton Heath), Frank Noble Wood (Hull), Alice Wise (Leicester), John Oliver (Manchester), J. P. Thomas (Merthyr Tydfil), Ida May (Barnes), Winifred Parker (Matlock), W. Brown (Corostorphine), M. Whitford (Taunton), Mrs. S. Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Freda Sutterlin (Birmingham).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded

Cover design
from "Heart of the West," by O. Henry (Hodder & Stoughton).

to Vincent Hamson, of 107, Denmark Street, Bedford, for the following:

JACKS' SELF EDUCATOR. EDITED BY H. C. O'NEILL. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

When the seeker after knowledge wishes to break new ground, he often feels the necessity of a short outline of the new subject he is about to master, and of some guidance as to the proper course of reading. Here is a remarkable book that satisfies these wants in regard to thirty-eight widely varying subjects. There is no educational quackery about this volume; each article is to the point and readily to be grasped by the novice; and the whole work serves as a mind-refresher to those who have gone over these vast subjects and more or less forgotten them.

We also select for printing:

FROM DUG-OUT AND BILLET.

AN OFFICER'S LETTERS TO HIS MOTHER. (Hurst & Blackett.)

So simple and charming are these letters, that one feels convinced that they are real and not the imagination of an author who has never seen a battlefield. They are sad—tragic—but that also is real war, and not a "story" war. Running through all is the cry from the trenches to those at home—"Stop talking and get to work." No man who has failed in his duty can read this little book without a twinge of conscience. It should appeal to all, but especially to stricken mothers.

(A. Vanderpant, 37, Hampstead Lane, Highgate.)

LITERATURE IN IRELAND. BY THOMAS MACDONAGH. (Fisher Unwin.)

The posthumous publication of this scholarly, if somewhat discursive, work, tends to accentuate the neglect of Irish literature. Thomas MacDonagh, a Sinn Fein leader, it will be remembered, was executed during the recent rebellion. He has made no appreciable mask of his political opinions in this book. Indeed, if anything, he surprises us by his acknowledgment of the beauties and unbounded value of Anglo-Irish literature, inasmuch as we had deemed him one of the strictly Gaelic revivalist school. The book is more or less a tangled sequence of biography and quotation, and lacks the discerning criticism one would expect to discover.

(W. Curran Reedy, Pangbourne House, 37, Earlham Grove, Forest Gate, Essex.)

THE ABYSS. BY NATHAN KUSSY. (Macmillan.)

It is deep, dark, and exceedingly dirty, this abyss which Mr. Kussy shows us, but we go down into it with young Sammy Gordin, sharing his few joys, his many sorrows, impotent, as he was, in the grip of a criminal and soul-corroding environment, and handicapped by the limitations of a most sordid poverty. We see with the eyes of this Jewish boy, the poignancy of whose sufferings becomes our own. What MacGill did for the Irish navvy, Kussy has now done for the "hobo" of New York; we shall await the remainder of the promised trilogy with great expectations.

(Eileen Newton, White Haven, West Cliff, Whitby, Yorks.)

BATTLE. BY W. W. GIBSON. (Elkin Matthews.)

"Battle" expresses in an entirely exceptional and unequalled way the war as it is in the mind of the human and bewildered fighter suddenly thrust into this chaos of overwhelming experience. Mr. Gibson's power of simple forceful expression has never been seen to better advantage; here are the very bones of poetry—these poems are of the stark nature of an old ballad, securing, like it, that unparalleled effect implied emotion always has, made almost intolerably poignant and eloquent by extreme reticence. They are worthy to rank with Rupert Brooke's sonnets, "1914," as the best poetry this war has produced.

(M. St. Clare Byrne, 24, Queen's Road, Hoylake, Cheshire.)

THE ROSE GARDEN HUSBAND.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The optimism of the immortal "Mrs. Wiggs" would have been severely tried in the rôle of "Liberry Teacher." Phyllis Braithwaite, the heroine of this breezy American novel, survives the ordeal. She longs, however, for a change, and gets it. The plot is most improbable, indeed, impossible. But herein lies the merit of the telling—all happens quietly and naturally. The humour is unforced. We do not scream with laughter, we quietly chuckle. How a "marble crusader" is transformed into an ordinary mortal of flesh and blood we will not disclose. Phyllis unquestionably deserved her subsequent happiness.

(Miss M. J. Dobie, Willow Cottage, Mouldsworth, near Chester.)

We also select for special commendation the fifteen reviews by Private H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), Sissie Hunter (Chesterfield), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Alice M. Hillier (Highbury), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), A. L. Balasubramanian (Madras), R. H. Kipling (Lancaster), Irene F. Armstrong (Falkirk), Evelyn Knight (Bakewell), Miss Crowder (Milford), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Miss Bradshaw Ishewood (Colchester), Amy Hurworth (Middlesborough), Mary C. Mair (Haslemere), Ida M. Birkin (Nottingham).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN for the best suggestion is awarded to Emily Kington, Ardblair Castle, Blairgowrie, Perthshire.

MISS S. MACNAUGHTAN.

THERE were not many points of likeness between Miss Macnaughtan and Mrs. Antrobus, one of the characters in that delightful novel of hers, "Snow Upon the Desert," yet they curiously resembled each other in this—that when news came last July that Miss Macnaughtan was dead you heard her friends speaking of her in much the same terms as she wrote about the death of Mrs. Antrobus. She was missed in England as Mrs. Antrobus was in India; she had been so "intensely alive, it was difficult to realise her enforced absence . . . there was no one like her. . . . We shall get over her loss, no doubt. None of us mourn for ever. But we know that not even custom will cure us all at once of missing her. . . . One of those women whose very brilliance caused it to burn itself out too soon. . . . A world in which there are not too many amusing people seems dull without her."

These things are literally true of Miss Macnaughtan. She was intensely alive, and intensely interested in all the life around her, and her interest was continually expressing itself in the most practical forms. A slight, rather delicate woman, she was never at rest and seemed to have unlimited reserves of enthusiasm and energy. She went much into society, and her home near Park Lane was one of the few literary salons that still survive in London. There was a time when she lived and worked among the poor in the East End, and you get something of her experiences there woven into her first novel "Selah Harrison," and into her last, "They Who Question,"* which was published anonymously last year. She was actively associated with the Women's Suffrage Movement though she was never a militant. She had travelled much in Canada, America, India, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt and other countries of the East. During the Boer War she went to South Africa with the Red Cross, and did good service in helping to look after the feeding and clothing of the wounded. Hearing that a private hospital in the Orange Free State was badly in need of a cook, she volunteered for that work, and rode miles across rough country in an ox-waggon to undertake it She had had no lessons in cookery, but used to say that she knew that mystery by instinct; anyhow, she proved a thoroughly capable

* Smith, Elder & Co.

worker, and was so resourceful in emergencies that, on occasion, having no yeast to put into her dough she hit upon the notion of using Eno's Fruit Salt as a substitute, and the resulting loaves were a complete success. She was a witty and eloquent public speaker, and showed a wonderful power of swaying and rousing great audiences when she was touring the country delivering a series of thirty-two lectures at munition centres in the summer of 1915. Earlier than that, immediately the war broke upon us—for her patriotic ardour had to find outlets in active service—she went to Antwerp as a Red Cross worker, and was among the last to leave the city when it was evacuated before the incoming Germans. Thence she went directly to Furnes where, often under German shell fire, she helped to feed the wounded as they came through towards the French base hospitals, and became known as "the lady with the soup." Then she came home for a while, broken in health, but with no intention of giving in, for it was then that almost at once she set out as a lecturer to munition workers through Scotland, Wales and England, and a passage from an unpublished diary recording her visit to Wales, will serve to give an idea of what she was doing and how effectively it was done. You can picture the vast crowds of rugged toilers, and that fragile, slight, little woman—a trifle over five feet tall—passionately appealing to them from the lorry or the platform till the fire that was in her own heart blazed up in theirs:

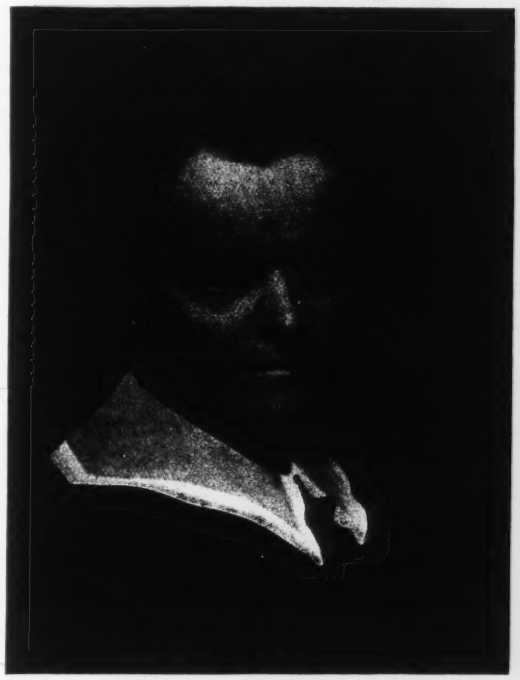


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss S. Macnaughtan.**

"The first day, I gave a dock-gate meeting and spoke from a lorry, and that night I had my great meeting at Cardiff. Dear Sir Frank Younghusband came down for it and the Mayor took the chair. The audience were enthusiastic and every place was filled. At one moment they all rose to their feet, and holding up their hands, swore "to fight for the Right till Right was won." It was one of the scenes I shall always remember. Every day after that I used to have tea and an egg at five o'clock, and a motor would come with one of my committee to take me to different places of meeting. It was generally up the Rhondda Valley we went, and I came to know well that westward drive with the sun setting behind the hills and turning the Taff Valley to gold. Every night we went a little further and a little higher—Aberdare, Aberystwith, Tonypandy, etc., etc. I gave fourteen lectures in thirteen days. Generally I spoke in chapels, and it seemed to give me the chance I wanted to speak with all my mind to these people and to ask them and teach them what Power and Possession and Freedom really meant. Oh, it was wonderful! The rapt faces of the miners, the hush of the big buildings and then the sudden bursts of wild cheering. There was a bumptious-looking man with a bald head whom I remember. He took up his position just over the clock in the gallery opposite and listened critically, talked a good deal and made remarks. I began to speak straight at him without looking at him and quite suddenly I saw him, as I spoke of our men at the war, cover his face and burst into tears."

It was apparent to her friends that the excitement and exertion of this recruiting had severely overtaxed her strength, but soon after it was finished she felt the irresistible call to serve and, rejoining the Red Cross—not as a nurse, for she had not trained for that, but to help in the stores and the general working organisation—she went out to Russia, and later into Persia, and it was the hardships and anxieties she endured and the exacting duties she fulfilled last winter and in the early months of this year that shattered her health irreparably. After a lonely and painful journey back, she reached home on the 6th of May with death in her looks and, cheerful to the last, died worn out with hard work on the 24th July.

Even as a child, Miss Macnaughtan showed her natural bent. Her sisters remember her tireless delight in telling them stories which they were as tirelessly delighted in hearing—stories which were continued from day to day sometimes for lengthy periods. She was much influenced by her father, a man of wide sympathies and fine ideals, and after she had commenced her career as a novelist would say that she always felt she could not write a line she would not like him to read, and this feeling remained with her all her life. "She was staying with me," says her sister, Mrs. Keays-Young, "when she first sent any writing of hers to an editor. It was a short story called 'Tom Cophetua, Esq.,' and was immediately accepted by *Temple Bar*, in 1894, if I remember rightly. She told me many years ago that she had never had any work refused by the publishers, though, occasionally, she and they could not agree about terms."

There is no trace of the 'prentice hand in her first novel "Selah Harrison"; the easy flow of its narrative and the quiet skill with which its characters are drawn show an instinctive art that ripened in her later work and reached its highest development perhaps in "A Lame Dog's Diary" and "The Fortune of Christina M'Nab." It is an art as clear cut, as careful of detail, and as cleanly and delicately realistic as that of Jane Austen, but she covers a much wider range of human interests, touches more spiritual heights and more emotional deeps. "A Lame Dog's Diary" was written whilst she was living at Cranbrook, and most of its men and women are modelled on people who were her neighbours there. The story, which does for modern village life what Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" did for the village life of mid-Victorian days, was written shortly after the

Photo by Percy Home. **Chart Sutton Parish Church**
where Miss Macnaughtan is buried.

death of Miss Macnaughtan's brother. He met with an accident in the Argentine, which necessitated the amputation of his right arm and leg. He lived long enough to see his sister who started for Rosario without an hour's delay; and "A Lame Dog's Diary" is a sort of dream of the life Miss Macnaughtan imagined he and she would have spent together—for she had intended devoting herself to his care—had he recovered. There is a wistful, inevitable pathos about the figure of the "Lame Dog," who himself narrates the story, but the charm of the book lies no less in its tenderness for the weak and suffering than in its whimsical humour, its genial satire and its preoccupation with the queerness and quaintnesses of human character.

She must have been in her happiest mood when she wrote "The Fortune of Christina M'Nab," that brilliant comedy of the beautiful Scots lassie who came suddenly into an inheritance of eighteen thousand a year and resolved to improve her speech, go into high society, and marry a lord, and was wryly encouraged and aided in these sensible ambitions by her practical lover, Colin M'Crae, who stolidly recognised that it would be folly in her now to marry a man so poor and beneath her as himself. It took such hold upon her that she wrote it all in six weeks, and she was not in the habit of writing with such rapidity as that. Her last novel "They Who Question," occupied her for over twenty years, but that was a book of a very different kind. It was written less for the tale it has to tell than for the sake of presenting through the persons of her fiction her own philosophy of life, of uttering and seeking to resolve such religious doubts as come to all thinking people, of trying to understand the mystery of pain, to reconcile unmerited suffering in men and animals with the idea of a God of love. She published the book anonymously because she had opened her secret heart in it and could not bear the thought of being questioned and having to talk about it. But now that there is no further need to conceal its authorship a new edition is to be published with her name on the title page.

This was her last novel, but her last book was "A Woman's Diary of the War," in which she set down an account of her work with the Red Cross in Antwerp and in France. She has left a diary of what she saw and did and suffered later in Russia and Persia. There is a note of weariness in these unpublished pages at times, for the burden of the world's sorrow was heavy upon her, and she was ill and in need of rest; but her indomitable courage and humour flash out spontaneously at intervals, and there is this pleasant little sketch of how she spent her last Christmas, somewhere in Persia:

"*Christmas Day*, 1915.

"And may next Christmas Day find us at Peace! We lunched to-day with the Grand Duke and Duchess Nicholas—rather a stately and picturesque affair! We entered and began to curtsey to the wrong couple as we did not know T.I.H.'s by sight, but Madame X. was very nice and did all the presenting, so, as we were meeting about fifty new people, and most of them seemed to be different grades of Princes and Imperial Highnesses, I don't think we did too badly. The Grand Duke is quite extraordinarily and obviously GRAND DUKE. He measures 6 feet 5 inches, and it would take some trouble to find a match for him. . . . A nice little incident was in store for us when the Grand Duke got up and made a speech and every one raised a glass and toasted us. In Russia they do that sort of thing so well and so gracefully."

There is no need to attempt any more elaborate study of her character; she has put herself into all of her books, and you cannot read them without growing intimately aware of her eager, joyous, resolute personality. "No lack of time, strength or money," she said, in her younger years, "shall prevent me from doing anything that I want to do"; and it never did. She may well have been thinking of herself when she made Hubert Malincourt say, in "They Who Question," "With a woman the difficulty always is to restrain her ardour, and to make her remember her weakness." For her, as for Selah Harrison, "to the end, life was a stern warfare"; when it was a question of fulfilling what she conceived to be her duty, she could not restrain her ardour and would not remember her weakness, and so it came that she gave herself unsparingly and died for her country as surely as any soldier who has fallen in battle.

New Books.

SOME RECENT HISTORY.

Professor H. G. Rawlinson has written an interesting monograph on India and the Western World,[1] a subject interesting largely on account of its exceptionality. India, of course, was in fairly close touch with Asia Minor and the Persians, and well within the ken of Herodotus; the remarkable thing was that the real contact between Hellenism and Hinduism was postponed until after the conquests of Alexander, and even then the mutual influence was much slighter than might superficially be supposed. Thus the debt of the Pythagorean philosophy to India is shown to be almost entirely mythical, and India was totally unaffected by Greece until the days of Alexander. Between the two countries lay the insurmountable barriers of vast seas, deserts, mountains, and hostile nations. Indeed, it was not until Roman Imperial times that, in consequence of the discovery of the existence of the monsoon winds, commercial relations could be satisfactorily opened up.

The National History of France, published by Mr. Heinemann, of which we already possess one volume—"The Century of the Renaissance," from the highly qualified pen of M. Batiffol—is represented in a second volume now on the "Eighteenth Century," from the pen of Casimir Stryienski.[2]

The History will occupy, when finished, six volumes, completing the Period that concludes with 1815, and it has already had a considerable run in France. To a large extent it is a Memoir-History, and concentrates attention upon Court, diplomacy, and military history. There is a special chapter in the present volume on the Salons and the Arts, but there is very little about the people, about the middle-class, industry, commerce, the colonies or administration. Within its limits, however, the present History is admirable; it brings the personnel of French history into relief; it is enriched by plenty of Memoir blood, and it keeps one close to the events as they happened by means of conversation, extract and repartee. The volume of the present series on the *Grande Siécle* does not exist in English, but we possess two admirable delineations on the grand days of Versailles from slightly different points of view, one by James Eugene Farmer, idealising the regime of the Sun King, the other by G. F. Bradby, an equally picturesque and rather more critical performance. It is delightful to go on from these to the present volume, which begins with the words "Louis XIV. is dead, and his courtiers breathe again." The present author frees the Regency Period from a good deal of gratuitous obloquy; an American historian, Perkins, has done the Period in a more satisfying fashion to our mind from the military and diplomatic point of view. Stryienski is more felicitous in striking the note of personality within the limited space at his disposal. Here are one or two characteristic touches *à propos* of the accession of Louis XVI.:

"You have a very good King, my dear D'Alembert," wrote Frederick II., "and I congratulate you with all my heart. A king who is wise and virtuous is more to be feared by his rivals than a prince who has only courage."

The philosopher replied: "He loves goodness, justice, economy and peace. . . . He is just what we ought to desire as our king, if a propitious fate had not given him to us."

It became known that on May 20th he had received one of the most important dignitaries of the old Court unfavourably.

"Who are you?" he said to this individual.

"Sire, I am called La Ferté."

"What do you want?"

"Sire, I came to receive your orders."

"Why?"

"It is because . . . because I am Steward of the Menus."

"What are the Menus?"

"Sire, they are Your Majesty's Menus Plaisirs (amusements)."

"My Menus Plaisirs are a walk in the park. I have no need of you." Whereupon Louis turned his back.

Marie Antoinette failed to secure his reinstatement, but consoled herself by receiving Choiseul at Court with all the grace and charm of which contemporaries speak.

"Monsieur de Choiseul," she said, "I am charmed to see you here. You made my happiness, and it is right that you should witness it."

The King, who was somewhat embarrassed, found nothing to say but: "You have got fatter; you have lost your hair; you have become bald."

The whole policy of Louis' reign was to "please" either one Party or another. Louis had some of the ideas of a statesman, but could never carry them out. He always gave way to Marie Antoinette, and by degrees regular coteries formed around her, eager to take advantage of the inexperience of the young princess and the weak character of her husband.

There are good things on almost every page, with the exception of the passages devoted to the Seven Years' War, which are certainly dull, and at the end of each chapter there is a short résumé of the salient authorities.

The preceding volume in this series, the one we mean which relates the history from the death of Louis XI. down to the murder of Henri IV., contains an Introduction by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, which is well worth reading, and we are inclined to think that similar introductions to the individual volumes would be a valuable accession to the general utility of a series which promises so well.

The "Makers of the Nineteenth Century" series has received a notable accession in a volume upon "Abraham Lincoln," by one Lord Charnwood.[3]

Not many people probably know who Lord Charnwood is, or to what achievements he may have owed his recent elevation to the peerage. We say this with no desire to slight him, still less taunt him with the obscurity of his title deeds, but to call attention to the inadvisability of a

[1] "Intercourse between India and the Western World." By H. G. Rawlinson. 7s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

[2] "National History of France: The Eighteenth Century." By Casimir Stryienski. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

[3] "Makers of the Nineteenth Century: Abraham Lincoln." By Lord Charnwood. 6s. net. (Constable.)

Photo by Percy Home. **Road from Sutton Valence to Cranbrook,**

Miss Macnaughtan's old home

locution to which he seems unduly partial. To call a person "a Mr. So-and-So," or (writing of one who was then Vice-President of the United States) "one Aaron Burr" as a mark of indistinction, is a method usually restricted to a very parochial audience.

We have nothing but microscopic blame for a book so admirably done as the present study of Lincoln. It is, in fact, that very rare thing—an attempt at a philosophic exposition of a great chapter in the United States' history for English people from an American point of view. It is admirably planned, framed, and written; it is studied apparently mainly from the outside and by means of books rather than by residence among Americans, but since the great work of Bryce it would be difficult to name a better attempt by an Englishman really to penetrate the American point of view. The preliminary study of the growth of the American nation is indeed a valuable synthesis for English readers.

The author studies Lincoln's career philosophically and historically, and Lincoln himself took a thoroughly historical view of politics, and was frequently standardising contemporary ways with the ways of the Fathers, that is—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin, and Hamilton. Lincoln himself disclaimed profound knowledge of history, and when he was told that Charles I. had often negotiated with the British Parliament during the Civil War, persisted that he couldn't treat with parties in arms against the Government. "On such matters," he said, "I turn you over to Seward; all I distinctly recollect about Charles I. is that he lost his head at the end."

The times were unfavourable to the idea of leadership during the government of Lincoln, and there was never a man perhaps who had less of the Sun King in his composition. He termed himself one of the common people. Once he dreamed he was in a great assembly which made way to let their President pass. As he passed someone said, "He is a common looking fellow." In his dream Lincoln turned to the critic and answered, "Friend, the Lord prefers common looking people; that is why He made so many of them." Lord Charnwood doesn't tell quite so many Lincoln stories as we should like, but he brings out Lincoln's greatness and his essential Christianity. "Give yourself no uneasiness," he once said to someone who had sympathised with him over the annoyance of being laughed at, "I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice, and have received a great deal of kindness not quite free from ridicule; I am used to it." The author finds in Lincoln's humour something plainly yet unaccountably akin with the graver, grander, strain of thought and feeling that inspired the greatest of his speeches. The rhythm of these is very grand, and has something of the cadence of seventeenth-century prose.

Finally, he discovers in the record which he gives us so conscientiously a steady ripening of mind and character to the end. The style of the biography is thoughtful and dignified throughout. It is a concentrated and therefore not particularly easy style, if only because the author has to condense the substance of Nicholay and Hay's four volumes into one of no great length or bulk. And in doing this he has omitted nothing that is vitally indispensable; he has given us a complete presentment of Lincoln.

Apart from the "Life of Lincoln," which is a bargain at 6s., Messrs. Constable have given us another valuable historical study, which is "The Normans in European History," by Professor C. H. Haskins.[1]

The writer is a well-known authority on the Normans, and he gives us here, in the form of collected lectures, a bird's-eye view of the whole episode of Norman history, a general view of Norman achievement in France, England, and Italy. Since the little book in Creighton's "Epochs of Modern History" on "The Normans in Europe," we do not remember to have seen the subject treated thus. It brings out with remarkable distinctness the Norman character and personality—or nationality we might now call it—and the Norman capacity for constructive work; a race of princes, State builders at home and abroad, who made Normandy the strongest and most centralised principality in France, and joined to it a kingdom beyond the seas which became the strongest State in Western Europe.

To the real student of history, the subject of our debt to the Normans can never lose its actuality. How vital it is is illustrated by two re-publications of the day. One, the new edition of Green's "Short History," the other Mr. Belloc's "Eye-Witness." Green, following Freeman, was the champion of the German Homeland theory, and insists on beginning English history in Germany, a view which is naturally not extremely popular at the present time. Mr. Belloc, on the other hand, is the champion of the view that without the Norman stimulus the activities of the old English would have wasted themselves in distraction and futility. Professor Haskins, it is interesting to notice, has gone over bag and baggage from the Nationalist view of the last generation, as represented by Stubbs, Freeman and Green. His characterisation of the Norman approaches nearly to the brilliant divinations of Mr. Belloc. In England the most permanent Norman work survives. Hastings remains the most decisive battle in the whole of our history, and the bullet-headed victors have exerted an influence upon our history out of all proportion to their numerical strength. The chief monument of the Normans is modern England, they created our central government, our jurisprudence, our diplomacy, and our dominant class. The heavy hand of Norman kingship turned the loose and disintegrating Saxon confederation into the English nation. Between 1066 and 1215 the Normans laid the foundation, for good and ill, of the England that we know. Under John they became French again, and gave England the opportunity of developing into an independent nation.

Something remains to be said of the new attempt to depict the English people by Mr. Stanley Leathes in his three-volume "Social History for Schools," and of the "New Cambridge History of Modern Germany Since 1815," from the experienced hand of the Master of Peterhouse; but verdicts of these volumes are better postponed, it may well be said, until the concluding volumes—which are expected this autumn—put in an appearance. And we must similarly postpone any remarks we should like to have made on "The Germans in England," and "England and Germany" to the same occasion, merely remarking here as we pause, upon the loss and gain that history has of late sustained. Loss, by the death at the front of Mr. Butler, the brilliant young Cambridge historian and author of "The Tory Tradition," and gain by the elevation of the doyen of Oxford history tutors, Mr. A. L. Smith, to the unique position of Master of Balliol.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

[1] "The Normans in European History." By Charles Homer Haskins. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

A NOOK IN THE NORTH.*

Elgin (the *g* hard) has already had its history written by the author's father, and filial-like, the son now seeks to round off the task undertaken many years ago. The result is a work which all lovers of the Morayshire cathedral city will desire to possess. Indeed, the story of Elgin cannot be truly known without recourse to Mr. Mackintosh's informative and learned record. It is to be feared that an extraordinary amount of ignorance prevails amongst the young and rising generation on matters of local history and tradition. How little interest many of them seem to take in such questions—even the most recent happenings being a kind of *terra incognita*. It is to combat that feeling of lukewarmness and indifference to the facts of history that this comprehensive account of Elgin has been compiled.

Elgin is proud to call itself a city, and along with Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, and Aberdeen, its chief magistrate

* "Elgin Past and Present: A Historical Guide." By Herbert B. Mackintosh. 10s. 6d. (Elgin: Yeadon.)

rejoices in the title of Lord Provost. One gentleman who held the office in 1865 possessed even a wider appellation, and for his public spirit was dubbed "The Provost of Scotland." Elgin is a cleanly, attractive little city, famous for its scholastic institutions, in one of which Mr. Saintsbury served for a time. It is, however, the ecclesiastical lore of the place that is Elgin's prime glory. As was to be expected, Elgin's historian deals at length, and (as can be felt all through the book) *con amore* with the history of the Cathedral, said to have been the most beautiful kirk in Scotland—in its day of might, and in its decadence and ruin. This is a very fascinating study, and it could not have been in better hands—if only the youth of Elgin could be persuaded to read and digest chapters so full of historical and antiquarian meat. The "Old Mortality" pages, descriptive of the numerous tombstones and memorials with which the Cathedral and the adjoining graveyard abound, should have particular interest for the native, although the interest is by no means confined to Elginshire. So also should the story of the long line of Bishops who filled the coveted See of Moray for close on six centuries, as well as that of the humbler divines who spouted eloquently in the parish kirk. It may be remarked that Elgin has now *ten* kirks—a matter for reflection in times like these, when one remembers that the population of the whole parish does not exceed 9,000.

Elgin's sons have come to honour in all walks of life, and a feature of the book consists in the excellently reproduced portraits of several of those typically outstanding men of the North. Their faces proclaim their character. For none but strong and massive men—men of fixed purpose and sterling principle—could have so carved out the fortunes of this quaintly-picturesque town by the Lossie. It is a pleasure to commend so scholarly a contribution to the literature of locality.

W. S. CROCKETT.

DREAMS AND PRACTICE.*

Had this volume been published before the guns of the Great War had begun to blow away much of the selfishness and silly self-importance that afflicted our wealth-ridden community, it would have been received with more dislike and prejudice than it can suffer now. Edward Carpenter had made sufficient impression upon his times to have earned the anger of the Philistines. His frankness in dealing with the question of sex was enough to cause Mrs. Grundy to broaden her phylacteries; while his rejection of comfortable suburban circumstance, the surrender of his Cambridge Fellowship and Orders, his willingness to be one with the working-men, were sufficient to have gained for him the ire and resentment of the established well-to-do. His whole life has been a protest and a gentle revolution; and he is justified in regarding it (as, indeed, he does) with some complacency.

His effort after independence was a bigger thing than any similar adventure now would be, for his example has been widely spread and passably followed. He was a changeling of the Victorian age; and, if only to rouse Mr. Whiteing, I feel impelled to quote Mr. Carpenter's impression of that over-judged era:

> "A period in which not only commercialism in public life, but cant in religion, pure materialism in science, futility in social conventions, the worship of stocks and shares, the starving of the human heart, the denial of the human body and its needs, the huddling concealment of the body in clothes, the 'impure hush' on matters of sex, class-division, contempt of manual labour, and the cruel barring of women from every natural and useful expression of their lives, were carried to an extremity of folly difficult for us now to realise."

There, in convenient epitome, is condemnation enough. That many will disagree with it, goes without saying; but that there is an ever-enlarging minority, if not an actual majority, who hold with it is as true as Monday morning.

* "My Days and Dreams: Being Autobiographical Notes." By Edward Carpenter. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Edward Carpenter (1887), Age 43.

From "My Days and Dreams," by Edward Carpenter (Allen & Unwin).

It was an over-upholstered age, an age in which the institution of property proved at once a tyranny and a futility, a period when the second-best bed was an occasion for heart-burning among relatives. Who can help feeling an abounding sense of hope when one realises how much farther we have marched in progress since the days of the Manchester School and Toady? But now and then, in describing the conditions from which he escaped, has not Mr Carpenter, with his keen sense of humour, unconsciously exaggerated; as when he quotes a senior cleric, remonstrating with him for resigning his Orders, as saying, "It is all such tomfoolery that it doesn't matter whether you say you believe in it, or whether you say you don't. Look at my sermons in chapel now—are they not models of unaffected piety! You let the matter drop, and it will all blow over." That the intellectual life of the University should have been "a fraud and a weariness"; that the gossip of the Common-room should be trivial and stupid; that there should have been abundant absurdity and greediness in such a backwater as Cambridge then was, is possible enough; but can a Pillar of the Church and the University have given himself away quite so egregiously?

It is, however, sufficient that Edward Carpenter could not continue to endure the over-comfort and futility of his circumstances, and found that his personal happiness was lost except among simple folk. His work as a market-gardener and sandal-maker did not prevent his seeing a good deal of the wonderful world, and assuredly could not prevent his improving on the justified discontent of his less-fortunate fellows. What is so impressive in this life-story is the freedom from ecstasy and poses of its writer. There has been nothing of the shriek about Mr. Carpenter's protest. He has taken his part in lost causes and in social forlorn-hopes; but his real influence has been displayed in quiet work and sweet reasonableness; so that what he has to say and what he has done will be a help to the future. When the War has destroyed itself the old social weaknesses and bad habits will be re-asserted—not so insistently and viciously as before; but badly enough; for the acquisition of property will still be an obsession to the many and vulgarity will still consider itself gentle (or shall we say genteel?) because it can afford

to be rich and idle. The old battle-at-home will again be before us; and then it will help to have had Edward Carpenter's example; not only for the fact of its success, but also because of its genial spirit of helpfulness and its freedom from pretence and cant. He has shown, plainly enough for all to read, that the conventions can be ignored and defied, and the unorthodox brave remain not a penny the worse. C. E. LAWRENCE.

EVE AND HER SONS.*

One of the documents used in the composition of the present book of Genesis is named "J" by critics, as its favourite title for God is Jahveh. This collection of early stories traces the origin of man from the creation downwards; its characteristics are a realistic human interest in the relation of God and man, a desire to account for the beginning of certain customs and institutions, and a naïve delight in story-telling. Sometime in the ninth or eighth century B.C. these stories were put together by this anonymous author, who compiled and edited them with real genius. He drew upon the traditional materials of the story-teller among the Hebrew clans.

"When the fire of the nomads was still flickering, on some star-canopied oasis, after supper had come to an end, the entertainer took up his wondrous tale, into which history, philosophy and the ruder forms of poetry poured their materials, in order to teach the tent-dwellers how they came to exist, as individuals and as a tribe."

The document J consists of these stories as re-told, selected, and shaped by the final editor. What Mr. Robertson has attempted to do in this volume is to estimate his characteristics. This is, in the nature of the case, a rather difficult task. Although J can be disentangled from the present text of Genesis with a fair amount of certainty, we have not the narrative in its original and complete state. Then, again, the diagnosis of an ancient writer's mind across nearly thirty centuries is not a simple task. Mr. Robertson brings to it a mind which is untrammelled by professional and theological prepossessions. But this merit is apt to be counterbalanced by an ultra-modern tendency, which sees in the language of a primitive writer more than he intended to convey. Mr. Robertson is alive to this danger, however. He has not always escaped it, but it is present to his mind. The result is an entertaining, fresh study of this old document, with some repetition here and there, and occasional lapses into cleverness for cleverness' sake. The moral analysis of the imaginative materials of J has been already attempted on a broader scale by Miss Wedgwood in her "Message of Israel." Mr. Robertson's book concentrates on a narrower canvas, and, in Boswell's phrase, if it is not a new thought, "at least it is in a new attitude."

The conventional reader of the Bible may be startled by the apparent irreverence of Mr. Robertson's interpretation at several points, but he rightly shows that this "irreverence" belongs to the editor of J, and that it is really the frankness of a primitive mind, which seemed too frank even to the final composer of the Hexateuch. The author of J, we are told

"Regarded woman as a breeder without a soul"; "like all dramatists, this writer is interested in the naughty people"; "although J liked priests, Israelitish or Egyptian, and was possibly a priest himself, he is in Genesis as little of a ceremonialist as it is possible to be"; "J was a master of suggestion, sometimes sardonic."

Now and then, Mr. Robertson is too subtle in his interpretation of phrases and omissions. He reads into the stories what J can hardly have intended. But it must be admitted that, on the whole, he has produced a suggestive and extremely readable volume; the chapters on the Flood and Abraham are particularly fresh, and the two last chapters on "Sorrow in Sodom," and "Camels in Mesopotamia" are the best in the book. He has caught something of the daring, the irony, and the religious instincts which prompted this far-off Hebrew story-teller who brooded on the rise of religion and humanity in the misty past.

"The imagination that conceives of Abraham's Jahveh, and describes the righteousness of the majestic patriarch, could not be an imagination satisfied with the cruder ethics on which the legends of Paradise and the Flood are formed. Either we must assume that the author of the Abraham legend was not fully responsible for the character of the God of the Flood legend, and the Paradise legend, or we must believe that he is beginning, with the description of Abraham and Abraham's God, to deal in history, while his earlier writings are (as we have tried to interpret them) studies in ethical drama, and not offered as history, except to child-natures."

If we have to choose between these alternatives, in estimating the mind of J, the latter is preferable, But Mr. Robertson puts the alternative for the sake of drawing a moral from his studies of J. This moral, conveyed in an appendix, is that the doctrine of the Fall is a theological mistake which is due to St. Paul.

"Would to God that some scholars would form themselves into a Society for the Extirpation of the Doctrine of the Fall! Would that Cambridge or Oxford would produce such a Society!"

Well, of making societies there is no end. And if dogmas are erroneous they will never be upset by societies. Mr. Robertson's end, so far as it is healthy, will be better served by writing as he has tried to do in this volume. He has let fresh air into his subject, and fresh air is the best cure for deleterious germs. JAMES MOFFATT.

* "The Bible's Prose Epic of Eve and Her Sons." By Eric S. Robertson. 6s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS HARDY.*

The philosophic creed of Mr. Thomas Hardy might be described, quite shortly, as a kind of modernised Deism—the belief, that is, in a Being who wound up the clock of the universe only to leave it immediately to its own devices. On more than one occasion Mr. Hardy breaks in upon his story, with an ironical aside, to express his indignation at the unhappy Fate which overtakes his characters. After the seduction of Tess Durbeyfield, for instance, at the supreme crisis of the book, he asks indignantly where, all this time, was the providence of her simple beliefs. "Perhaps, like that other god of whom the ironical Tishbite spoke, he was talking, or he was pursuing, or he was on a journey, or peradventure he was sleeping and not to be awaked." It is indeed just because Mr. Hardy has a definite theory of the universe that a unity and background appear so distinctly in the Wessex Novels. In modern fiction they remain the completest record of country life studied in a particular locality. And in this Dorsetshire setting the unsophisticated characters of the author's experience and imagination work out for themselves particular destinies, which again are shaped by the peculiar temperament of their creator.

More than half Mr. Duffin's book is devoted to Mr. Hardy's philosophy. Yet it is doubtful how far a study of the Wessex Novels alone—which is what Mr. Duffin attempts—can give an adequate view of their author. Mr. Harold Child, in a recently published book, finds the true fulfilment of Mr. Hardy's artistic purpose in "The Dynasts." Mr. Duffin, however, does not mention it, nor is he concerned with the lyric poems.

His object is to estimate Mr. Hardy purely as a novelist, to show his view of life as it is revealed in the behaviour of his characters and the blind forces of Circumstance which uses them as its playthings. "The Irony of Fate," as Mr. Duffin says, is the *motif* which underlies his work; his aim is to demonstrate, by an artistic method, the complete indifference of the powers set around the universe to anything that is going on inside it. It is tragic irony.

"Granted that he sees the world abandoned by God," says Mr. Duffin, "perhaps definitely given over to the Devil—and strangled by an evil system of society, nevertheless there stand out from his dark canvas the heroic forms of a mighty Adam and a beauteous Eve."

And he goes on to show quite fairly that the charge of

* "Thomas Hardy: A Study of the Wessex Novels." By H. C. Duffin. 5s. net. (Manchester University Press. London: Longmans.)

pessimism is not valid against a writer who, on the whole, has so much respect for the dignity of human character.

There is a further point in the Wessex Novels which may be observed here—namely, their ethical view. Good and evil, God and the Devil, as necessarily follows from Mr. Hardy's vision of the world, do not carry their ordinary, conventional meaning in these books. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is described on its title-page as the story of "a pure woman"; and Mr. Duffin has a good deal to say in his study about Tess's sin.

"It will be found hereafter," he remarks, "that I am not prepared to mitigate the gravity of Tess's error, and perhaps a sin is always essentially the same, whatever its setting; nevertheless it seems to me that even sin may be in a measure purified by the fragrant breath of forests and the blowing of winds from the all-seeing impenetrable sky."

As well as being childish and sentimental in itself, all this is very much beside the mark. Whether Tess sinned in or out of doors does not affect the issue. Indeed, Mr. Hardy is not concerned with Tess's sin *as* a sin. He wishes to show, rather, the tragedy of a wasted life whose outlook at the beginning was so apparently favourable. The tyranny of society, the cynical, callous play of circumstances, the particular temperament—a charm of personality no less than physical attractiveness—inherited from her ancestors, all contributed to the final tragedy. It is these things that Mr. Hardy is concerned with.

Mr. Duffin does not consider "Tess" the finest of the Hardy novels; "Jude the Obscure," a novel essentially matured, "addressed by a man to men and women of full age" is, in Mr. Duffin's opinion, Mr. Hardy's crowning achievement in fiction. He finds in it two characters studied fully and profoundly; moreover, there is a sense of vastness about it which belongs to the greatest art; there is no end to the inspiration revealed in its pages. Perhaps Mr. Duffin is right. With probably unconscious *naïveté* he thus concludes his remarks on "Jude":

"To the fool it is a closed book from the beginning; to the wise man it must, as knowledge increases, ever open and unfold, yielding deep upon deep, light upon light, question and revelation without end, till it compass the earth and cover the very heavens."

This passage also may serve as an example of the affectation which continually creeps into Mr. Duffin's writing.

There can be no doubt, however, about his familiarity with the Wessex Novels. He has studied and scrutinised them with the minutest care. But too often he is irritating in the way he writes about them, and his book is marred by affectations and extravagance. Such pieces of jargon as "infra-psychic character" and "white radiance of supra-human personality," which occur on an early page, are not particularly illuminating in a critical sense. Mr. Duffin's summaries of characters and situations are frequently overweighted with rhetoric. He has too little reticence. A good deal of the chapter on the "Development" of Mr. Hardy is very trivial. And, perhaps, in his next book Mr. Duffin will abandon his abbreviated snippets from the "Encyclopædia Britannica." They serve no useful purpose; and the ingenuous comments with which he enlivens the "Encyclopædia" are not very amusing. In spite of these and other obvious defects there can be no hesitation about the writer's sincerity. He approaches Mr. Hardy in a genuinely appreciative spirit which at times leads his critical faculty a good deal astray. But Mr. Duffin shows that he has a sense of character; and most of the quotations that he gives from the Wessex books are well chosen and illustrate the character or situation they are intended to represent.

JOHN F. HARRIS.

HENRY JAMES.*

When one glances at the incomplete bibliography of the works of Henry James which Miss West has appended to her short criticism of them, one has instantly a feeling of surprise that so leisurely a writer should have been so prolific. It seems incredible that a man who could occupy a page and a half of a story with the statement that one of his characters possessed a face which might be called a Mug, could ever achieve so large a number of volumes as are here set out, although, considering the matter further, the achievement seems easy enough when one reflects that a page and a half can be filled with such little matter; for Mr. James had only to describe several faces which might be called Mugs . . . and behold he had written a book!

The conjunction of Miss West and Henry James is a curious one; for Miss West has precisely the kind of acute, modern, probing, flippant, traditionless, open mind that seems so alien to the mind of Mr. James. Miss West, I imagine, abhors reticence, while Mr. James, I also imagine, detested revelation. The oddity of this conjunction of very dissimilar minds is extraordinarily apparent in Miss West's book; for she has remarkable difficulty in concealing her dislike of most of her author's writing, and is only able to allay the reader's suspicion of her attitude towards him by periodically bepraising him with a generosity that is entirely beyond his merits.

"'Roderick Hudson' is not a good book," Miss West writes. "'The American' is an exposition of the ways things do not happen." ". . . until ten years had passed Mr. James was doomed to produce no work which was not to have the solidity of its characters and the beauty of its prose rendered slightly ridiculous by its lack of purpose and unity." ". . . . his strong sight of the thing that is was accompanied by blindness to the thing that has been." ". . . his criticism was bound to consist for the most part of . . . pleasant footnotes to the obvious." "'The Author of Beltraffio' is not one of Mr. James' best." "Decidedly 'The Golden Bowl' is not good as a novel . . ."

and so on; all these sentences lifted casually here and there from Miss West's book do denote that on the whole Miss West thinks that Mr. James was a tedious old gentleman even when he was a youth; and it was probably her sense of this irritation with him that induced her to such generosity as her final sentence:

"He died, leaving the white light of his genius to shine out for the eternal comfort of the mind of man."

It is as if she wished the reader to forget that she had been praising Mr. James with faint damns, and had tried to accomplish this purpose by damning him with loud praise.

Mr. James's work has become a kind of test of literary taste, and one wonders just how Mr. James succeeded in getting himself established in this fashion. Was he really an artist or was he really a Yankee bluffer? When I compare his page and a half of writing about a face which might be called a Mug with Meredith's interlude on a penny whistle, I feel certain that, whether he was a Yankee bluffer or not, he certainly was not an artist. A suspicion of his artistry haunts Miss West's mind, but she seems to have been imposed upon to some extent by the bluff; and so it is that she ends her book with that excessive sentence. I, perhaps, am not the person to write about Mr. James's work because I dislike it too heartily to have any poised opinion on it. "The American" seemed to me to be a fair story until I reached its conclusion when it fell into the baldest melodrama. "The Other House" impressed me as one of the silliest stories I had ever read. I could not be bothered to find out what it was that Maisie knew. "The Golden Bowl" gave me a sensation of interminable tediousness. "Notes on Novelists" contained more inept criticism and more finicky sentences than any other book I have ever read. Therefore, it is plain that I am not a fit person to discourse on Mr. James.

All I can do is to say that Miss West has written a book which, in spite of a certain breathless brevity, is in places extraordinarily acute. On page 27 she neatly and sufficiently describes the impediment in Mr. James's mind:

"The calm of Canterbury Close appeared to him as a remnant of a time when all England, bowed before the Church, was as calm; whereas the calm is really a modern condition brought about when the Church ceased to have anything to do with England."

* "Henry James." By Rebecca West. ("Writers of the Day" Series.) 1s. net. (Nisbet.)

Here and there, she lets her gift for writing vivid descriptive sentences lure her into mere silliness. The following sentence :

"Newman and the Tractarians and Monsignor Benson make the Ritualist seem as big a fool as the old woman who carries a potato in her pocket to ward off rheumatism,"

seems exactly to fit the situation she is describing until one reads the sentence which immediately follows it :

"Sabatier makes him seem the kind of person who takes sugar in his tea, paints in water-colour, and likes 'The Roadmender.'"

The second quotation seems to be clever, but it isn't : it is simply meaningless ; and the effect of it is to annul some of the effect of the first quotation ; for one wonders whether, after all, Miss West really knows anything about Newman and the Tractarians. Moreover, although I do not paint in water-colour and have never read "The Roadmender," I certainly do take sugar in my tea. Why not ? But this is captious criticism of a very entertaining and, in major respects, acute and informing book.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

ON S'UTHERN SEAS.*

Captain Doorly's book is an account of a side issue of Scott's work in the Antarctic. It was to have been published long ago ; but circumstances prevented that from happening. However, it is not the less welcome now, for it fills a gap in the records of South Polar exploration. The book is not an ambitious one. Truth to tell, the material was slight, and if a gifted pen had made more of what there was to work on, it might not have told the story in the present author's simple and engaging manner. The account is, in fact, written in the fashion of a boy's book ; but, on the whole, and especially in the first half, it lacks the thrills of adventure. In place of these, however, it has humour of a quiet, engaging sort. In the earlier chapters Mr. Doorly tells how he and Commander Evans were fellow cadets aboard the training ship *Worcester* ; how a long, and apparently still maintained, friendship sprang up between them there—a record that is stated with some charm and is good to read—how he and his friend carried off the two chief prizes of the year, he getting the Queen's Gold Medal, and Evans the cadetship in the Royal Navy ; how they were separated, to wander about the world's great waters, one in the king's ships, and the other in the merchant service. Then came the manning of the *Morning*, to go to the relief of the *Discovery*, under the command of Captain Colbeck. England—afterwards commander of Shackleton's *Nimrod*—was chief officer ; but little is said of him, and, one is sorry to think, that the little has an underlying lack of respect. Evans had secured the berth of second officer, and at once set about getting his former chum in as third mate. After some doubts and delay this was accomplished, thus the ambition, or rather the desire, of their lives to sail together became a fact. It is the record of this friendship—at first the main interest, then as a substratum to the more strenuous doings, yet peeping to the front at times—that is the best part of the book. As for the voyage itself—it was made up of the usual accidents, narrow squeaks, humour and good-fellowship of modern Antarctic seafaring ; and as pretty nearly everything is treated lightly, often rather too scrappily, the whole thing races on in the merry fashion of a happy young man telling his pleasing tale.

It is a somewhat curious fact (yet why should it be curious ? when it is plainly racial, despite the legend of our insular stolidity) that Mr. Ralph Stock's log of nautical ups and downs on the South Pacific is written in a similarly light manner to Captain Doorly's account of the *Morning's* voyages. Three of them ("Freckles"—whom we take to be the author—"The Nut," and "The Spinster") set off to spend six months in cruising about the South Seas on £150 a head. This, of course, meant steerage passages and other humble forms of travel. "Freckles" had, apparently, done it before ; but the other two had not, and thereby came much enlightenment to them, and many a piece of highly-relished humour. In Sydney, however, the cloven hoof of expenditure came in. "The Nut" had seen a small craft that was to be had at a ridiculously low price. Aboard of her the party could wander about the South Pacific almost at will ; for "Freckles" was an amateur seaman, and a fairly good navigator. (He is wise, all the same, in advising his readers not to expect accuracy in his nautical terms ; they do often bear but a semblance to the real things. This is especially the case in the matter of the packet's tonnage, which doesn't at all agree with her measurements and accommodation.) Anyway, the party bought her, and had a trying time, indeed, in getting her ready for sea. She was just about as much trouble to fit out as was Jack London's *Snark* for a similar cruise. The pity was that she gave in so soon, by going ashore and breaking up on the second island of call ; after which the three travellers had to get along by the usual methods of more or less chance transport that holds out there. We don't like Mr. Stock's English now and then, and still less his slang ; his book would have been even more enjoyable without these blemishes. His pages of dialogue we also take as being something like what was said, rather than the actual words used. But for the quiet jollity, the good fellowship, the likeable and unfailing qualities of each member of the trio—particularly "The Nut," who could be so human as to lose his temper on suitable occasions—we have nothing but praise. It is truly an entertaining, although an unambitious, narrative.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "The Voyages of the *Morning*." By Captain Gerald S. Doorly, R.N.R. With Illustrations and a Map. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)—"The Chequered Cruise : a True and Intimate Record of Strenuous Travel." By Ralph Stock. With 44 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF NOVELS.

Some excellent American securities have been entering our country this year : to wit, good novels executed in an atmosphere unelectric with the shocks of war. English writers who are not actually engaged in cutting out the cancer from the core of Europe, are necessarily preoccupied with that righteous process. War is the only vital topic, and you cannot decant the tempestuous sea into a wine glass. Under the shadow of such a compulsion to silence, such English novelists as are still free to use their pens find it supremely difficult to attain their full mental stature ; they either run in well-worn grooves, or, properly sensitive, just allow war to colour their narratives.

But American novelists can still write as their hearts—or their publishers—dictate. Here, for instance, is Mr. Peter C. Macfarlane, who, apparently, is in the happy position of being able to harness all his virility to the service of his art. His latest novel, "Held to Answer,"[1] tingles with life. While reading the opening pages, devoted to John Hampstead, I feared the author was going to deaden his effects with violent and unusual adjectives. Happily, it was only the beating of a rather big verbal drum, thumped with energy in order to attract attention, and that gained, there was no more needless agitation of language. The publisher's wrapper calls "Held to Answer" "a big, dramatic story," and this statement is almost devoid of the exaggeration of advertisement.

Hampstead is a strong, fascinating fellow, a native of California, and the story of how he finds his best self held my attention unrelaxed. The two girls who influence his life, and the various commercial types are etched vividly on the memory, and if the reader is sometimes reminded of Mr. Harrison's "Queed," the comparison is unavoidable

[1] "Held to Answer." By Peter C. Macfarlane. 5s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

because each novel is devoted to an elaboration of a strong, rugged American. The penetrating psychology never impedes the narrative; indeed, the unworded drama of mental states is as enthralling as the intensely human narrative. All the backgrounds help to hold the spell the author weaves, and this spell is enhanced by pregnant thoughts. The man who can write "He believed something hard enough to live for it" is a thinker as well as a born storyteller.

"Seventeen"[2] is the title under which Mr. Booth Tarkington writes of a youth's calf love in terms of summer and moonlight. Ever and again the angle of vision is shifted, and you see the little love affair through the eyes of parents, and are tempted to think it preposterous. Mr. Tarkington has done a very clever thing—he places "Willee," the young hero, in ridiculous situations, allows him to be the butt of Jane, his truculent little American sister, and yet never permits this slender story of his to degenerate into farce. Lola, a fascinating damsel, who coos baby talk at her young admirers, is presented just as she would appear to impressionable seventeen. 'Tis a gay and brilliant excursion into light comedy—a summer frolic to the lookers-on, who, however, are not allowed to forget the high seriousness of budding manhood when the rose of romance is first distinguished from the other flowers in life's garden.

"The Supreme Desire"[3] is a pleasant and deftly told story of an attractive Irish girl who is exiled for a time from her native Donegal, and finds a temporary home with relatives in a Canadian backwoods settlement. Lutterworth, a rich young English squire, is *en route* to track moose in the Canadian wilds, and the way he becomes acquainted with Kitt is piquant. An innocent entanglement ensues at an hotel where they both stay, and a fruitful crop of complications result, though Kitt is too ignorant of evil to realise the gravity of the situation. A less resolute wooer than Lutterworth might have given up the chase of the supreme desire, for Kitt has reason to be prejudiced against him. Besides, there is lazy Pat away in Donegal, and in Canada, another wooer, who make the necessary running. All this makes attractive summer reading, for the characters are rendered with all Miss Page's accustomed skill, and with an artistic sense of their varying values in the scheme of the plot. Purists might cavil at the frequent omission of the verb in her dialogues—"I think not—icily," for instance; and a man of Lutterworth's education would not say "I have great hopes of marrying . . ."

It is a pity when a charming story is introduced under a title suggestive of a newspaper "stunt," and the new Williamson novel, "The War Wedding"[4] might suffer from a not unnatural prejudice, if the writers were not identified with a great deal of very acceptable fiction. The theme is occupied with a drama resulting from the false report of a soldier's death in action. It is narrated not only with an eye to the romantic situations involved, but with serious attention to psychology, and implicit reverence for the vast human issues raised. Credulity is somewhat strained when the soldier hero, who is thought to be dead, corresponds, without his identity being recognised, with his day-old wife, yet the hardened novel reader will not grumble, for "The War Wedding" is a tender story of never flagging interest, and to less practised writers shows how the war can be written about without offence.

The conflict between youth and age in the stifling atmosphere of a social backwater, and the reckless precipitation of an ardent protagonist of personal liberty into London's vast maze, provides Miss Mears with congenial material for her new novel, "The Sheltered Sex."[5] This rebellion of young womanhood—once a pervasive element in modern fiction—nowadays strikes a note of novelty. Although Ruth does not set out on the quest for a vote, she has the courage of initiative, and in her ignorance, dares much for her Frank, an instructor at a provincial skating rink. Primarily, her object was to achieve economic independence; she gets her desire, and is landed among shabby and shiftless people, whose immortal birthright consists in an unsuccessful attempt to exist in circumstances of tolerable comfort. With such a theme, the tones throughout are necessarily neutral, and the general effect is somewhat depressing. The novel is certainly worth reading and worth thinking about when read, but Miss Mears might have spared us the undeserved slight she casts on Victorian literature.

"Vain Flirtation"[6] by Mr. James Blyth is an exciting story of mystery and intrigue, with Oakstead Manor House as the scene of action. The author knows how to use his sensational material effectively, being a practised writer, but his conception of human nature, as displayed in this novel, is not an enviable one.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

[2] "Seventeen." By Booth Tarkington. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
[3] "The Supreme Desire." By Gertrude Page. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)
[4] "The War Wedding." By C. N. & A. M. Williamson. 2s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)
[5] "The Sheltered Sex." By Madge Mears. 6s. (Lane.)
[6] "Vain Flirtation." By James Blyth. 6s. (John Long.)

TWO BOOKS ON ART.*

Of these two books, the one, "The Russian Arts," by Mrs. Newmarch, makes interesting reading, and at the same time evinces a pathetic anxiety to atone for our ignorance of the peaceful arts of one of our great Allies during the unwarlike years, which now seem so long ago; the other "The Philosophy of Painting," by Dr. Ralcy Bell, which professes to be a more detached attempt to

* "The Russian Arts." By Rosa Newmarch. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"The Philosophy of Painting." By Ralcy Husted Bell. 5s. net. (Putnam.)

Brultov (K). *Alexander III. Museum, Petrograd.*

The Last Days of Pompeii.

From "The Russian Arts" (Herbe Jenkins).

deal generally with the progress of world-art, " to assemble scattered material which it is interesting and convenient to have in a small compass," and to give his own opinions, speculations and reasonings on a hundred and one matters which may or may not come to be discounted by others more competent than himself, cannot receive such commendation.

Mrs. Newmarch's work is of that painstaking and thorough description which rather by a process of honest and careful compilation than by any very deep critical sense produces a valuable purview of an important subject. Indeed she herself frankly recognises that her work does " little more than lead to the confines of a great field for future study," and so to a large extent discounts criticism. We do not say that she is devoid of the critical sense. Indeed, her study of Verestschagin, the main part of which appeared some years ago in *The Fortnightly Review*, proves that she has qualities which might have stamped this volume as a work of unusual merit. Take the following passage :

" Verestschagin's hatred of war, and his determination to show it in its worst aspect—which happens to be also its truest—proceeds from something deeper than the ordinary humanitarian tendency which has become more common in these days. His innate sympathy for the masses may also have had something to do with his attitude towards war ; but its true origin lay deeper still—in his nationality itself. The absence of military ardour in the Russian people, as a whole, must have struck anyone acquainted with their arts and literature. It does not lie in their temperament as it lies in the Gallic, the Anglo-Saxon, the Teutonic character. The Russians have no genuine war songs, old or new."

That is well said, and it is a pity that exigencies of space and probably opportunity have prevented such being a true sample of Mrs. Newmarch's whole treatise. Nevertheless it contains much that is valuable and well worth the reading. It will at any rate prove a useful introduction for those who anticipate the yet unfinished and monumental work on this great subject upon which Benois is engaged.

Dr. Ralcy Bell also discounts criticism of his " Philosophy of Painting," though his method of so doing is hardly effective. " It might seem presumptuous," he says, " to write anything further on a subject that has received so much attention from authors and scribblers alike. Perhaps it is, at all events . . . here it is." Whether he classes himself with the former or latter we know not, nor do we clearly understand the difference that marks the two, but we cannot admit the cogency of his plea that execution should therefore be stayed. Every man has the right to present a volume of his opinions on any subject whatsoever to the world, but he should call it by its right name. What concerns us is that we do not find the Philosophy of Painting in any way advanced by this congeries of " scattered material." If Dr. Bell has any definite conclusions on the subject we fail to find them. He appears not so much to suffer from the two faults from which he himself says writers on art have always suffered—too much imagination, and too little knowledge—but from a lack of knowledge of what he himself has set out to prove. Had he styled his book " Scattered Notes on Art," we should not so much have quarrelled with him, but in a Philosophy we want something more than this. We want something that we can catch hold of. Open the book at random and we read almost in a breath that Constable's pictures " were as fragrant as the South," that David Wilkie " was a decided master of pigments," that William Blake " had lucid intervals," that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood " in their passion for microscopic truth, often lost the macroscopic truth," and so on, and so on, all of which statements may have some foundation in fact, but are not marshalled by Dr. Bell into any recognisable doctrine or principle. The only interest that his book arouses is in searching for the mentality that could call such a hotch-potch a Philosophy. All will admit, for example, that Palma " excelled as a painter of women," but we can find no philosophy in the statement that " their bodies are blushing with life," and that " their veins hesitate with gracious blue " ! Nor can it further the Philosophy of Art to quote the gentleman who declared—" In case of fire it would be better to allow a live baby to burn than a Dresden Madonna —— One can get another baby any day," and to grow sufficiently wrath with the said gentleman as to accuse him of " having spiritually ingrowing toe-nails and outgrowing claws," incidentally hurling at him the fact that " it requires something higher than a jackass to father a child." This is not Philosophy, nor can it and its like find fitting place in any work making so high a claim. We are aware that this criticism is severe, but we should be lacking in our duty to the public and Dr. Bell were we to mince matters to an undeserved niceness.

G. S. LAYARD.

Novel Notes.

FORKED LIGHTNING. By Keble Howard. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a novelised version of Mr. Keble Howard's comedy, " The Green Flag," which ran successfully in London last year and is shortly to be produced in New York. The atmosphere of the stage has got into the book, and you feel that the scenes have been cunningly painted and arranged, and the characters are not normal men and women but well-rehearsed actors who perform their parts deftly, cleverly, and make their entrances and exits and come together for the final denouement with unerring discipline. But this does not matter in the least. It all makes delightfully light and amusing reading, which is more to the point. The plot is ingeniously imagined and developed, the dialogue is crisp and sparkling, there are charming touches of sentiment and underlying hints of seriousness now and then, but the keynote of the tale is humour and the whole thing is alive and alert with the most whimsical spirit of comedy. It is a humorous problem novel ; quaintly enough the problem itself is by no means a frivolous one, but in working its way to a happy ending it gets involved in a series of alarms and catastrophes that tickle you continually to laughter ; and the book that can do that in these times is something to be thankful for.

HER LONELY SOLDIER. By Dorothy Black. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a book of the hour, as the title and wrapper (with a field postcard printed on it) would suggest. Breezy, vivacious, entertaining, the story rattles along, leaving behind the memory of a merry, wholesome personality, and a tale well told. Miss Dorothy Black shows decided skill at character portrayal, and her sympathetic handling of certain scenes in the book adds considerably to its charm. The reader's interest in Cicely, the heroine, does not flag for a moment, from beginning to end. The Lonely Soldier is fortunate in gaining so lively a correspondent as Cicely ; the letter in which she describes " Vim," a reckless young sailor, and gives us an example of the only song he ever sings is vivid and amusing. We have only one grievance : the long arm of coincidence is a little too much in evidence at times, and not only the arm, but the shadow it casts before it. Apart from this, we have only praise for a very entertaining book.

THE PHASES OF FELICITY. By Olga Racster and Jessica Grove. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

This story of a girl's sojourn in South Africa and her adventures in love and journalism, is one that is sure to appeal to popular taste by its absolute naturalness and its vivid human interest. On the voyage out Felicity meets and becomes infatuated with a man named Bromley, only to learn that he is already married and possesses a somewhat discreditable reputation. Despite her efforts to put him out of her life, he is constantly crossing her path, but when Fate has removed the one barrier between

them, it seems as it after all the waiting and suffering, all the battling with circumstance, the happiness within their reach is to be destroyed by their own clash of temperaments. Fortune is kind, however; they are given a fresh chance, and make the most of it. The novel gains a topical interest when it concludes with the commencement of the European war and a vivid picture of the effect its coming wrought upon the life of Cape Town. The authors write concisely and without affectation, introducing plenty of local colour, and a host of stirring incidents; the plot is skilfully constructed and the whole tale makes uncommonly good reading.

HOW JONAS FOUND HIS ENEMY. By Greville MacDonald. 6s. (Constable.)

This book could hardly have been written in the days of the Peace. It belongs to these days when the gates of heaven are so perpetually opening and shutting that it is possible to see something of the vision beyond, for him who has eyes to see. It is a very strange and a very beautiful book, this tale of how Jonas Culpepper, a South Downs shepherd, tracked his Enemy through many marvellous places, and at last ran him to earth, the Enemy being himself. The story has two stories—the first the external circumstances amid which Jonas's external life is passed, a sweet and homely pastoral, with its personages—Susan, Jonas's wife; his child; Hodnan, the constable who hangs Jonas's dear dog, Soloman; Nancy Beck and her brutal father; Mr. Tusker, the Methodist clergyman; the parson and his wife; all most strongly and delicately rendered. Then there is the strange country into which Jonas slips away in his cataleptic trances, such a world as Bunyan knew, the world of the mystics. Outside and over all is the atmosphere of the Sussex Downs, the tenderness of the lambs, the watchfulness of the shepherd, the nobility of the shepherd's dog, the lonely great spaces in which it is possible to see visions and to dream dreams. It is the country of the Downs, the chalk country which, like the hills of Ireland, has many a mysterious door, ready to open to the one who has the countersign. "Mr, Culpepper," as his wife quaintly calls him, has wonderful experiences in the grey country which lies about us all if we had but the vision, and strangely intermixed with it all are the everyday facts of the shepherd's existence, the sheep, the dog, the Sussex country, the mists, the lambing. It is all oddly, wonderfully tender and beautiful. Jonas's visions display imagination of the highest order in the man who has seen them. There are many splendid passages in the book, which will appeal to the elect. It gives earnest of a new force in writing, this tale of the travail of a soul. Dr. Greville MacDonald is a poet and a remarkable poet, and the true visionary.

COMING OF AGE. By Richard Marsh. 6s. (John Long.)

A sensational novel written with a light touch and the thinnest possible veneer of plausibility. Only one character, Percy Osborne, is admittedly mad. Although he is grotesquely ugly as well as insane, Osborne is wealthy enough to indulge his whim of making bigamous purchases on the matrimonial market. Among his "victims," is the innocent heroine, who, finding herself one morning the disgraced and abandoned *fiancée* of a crook and forger, forthwith pledges herself to become the wife-in-name-only of the wealthy lunatic. The crux of the plot is the murder of Osborne, and here the author's skill is seen in the number of possible claimants to the honour of having rid the world of an undesirable monster. The novel has exciting moments and should please lovers of mysteries and the melodrama of modern life.

PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE. By Ethel Hueston. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Out of distinctly unpromising material Ethel Hueston weaves a story which she makes effective by the natural and sprightly form of her narrative. Mr. Starr, the new Methodist minister at Mount Mark, U.S.A., is a widower with a family of five girls. Prudence, the eldest, is the mother and manager of the Parsonage inmates. Her life is dedicated to the bringing up of her young charges, and faithfully she performs her self-imposed duties, developing their individual characters on a system all her own. Life in the Starr household is bright and sunny; a fact which certain church members are slow to appreciate at first, and the twins, Carol and Lark, keep things lively with their quaint ideas and surprising escapades. But what story there is revolves around Prudence, a girl beautiful in every way. Unselfish to a degree, when the one man in the world enters her life she prepares to sacrifice her happiness for the sake of her father and sisters. However, everything comes right in the end, and the last chapter leaves Prudence of the Parsonage about to enter the dream world of romance with her Prince Charming.

—— AND WHAT HAPPENED? By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Laetitia Ross came from Hampshire with a small legacy in her pocket and walked into the Cradock School of Journalism, which had its headquarters in a little court off Fleet Street. She had intelligence, imagination, youth, and an eagerness for adventure. The Cradock School did not, perhaps, give Letty all that its prospectus promised and implied; but incidentally it gave her what she sought, and more. It provided her with a friend, Nicolete, who played at Bohemianism; and, through Nicolete, it brought men and women into her life—men and women to love and be loved by. The main achievement of the book is to give an amusing and vivid picture of the everyday life of a group of "literary" young men and women in London. The plot, if the word can be used, is late in appearing, and trifling when it does appear; but the plot does not matter. In a world where the men and women use Christian names for one another at first meetings; where they visit one another with unconventional freedom, and talk together with an irresponsibility of manner perhaps to be described as badinage, there are at times more serious affairs, deeper feelings. Letty Ross looks out of these pages with a beautiful young face full of vitality and expectation; and the author makes us well content that her tragedy is neither long nor lasting. She comes through the make-believe Bohemianism quite well, and we leave her happy on the last page. The novel is effortless in style and consequently amusing and readable.

THE HALF-PRIEST. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

It requires some courage on the part of a novelist to enter a field so much trodden as Italy in the time of the Borgias. Mr. Hamilton Drummond's readers will know what to expect of his adventure. They will not look for, and consequently will not be disappointed in failing to find, any very profound character drawing. But they will expect, and will certainly find, a well constructed and absorbing story of passion and intrigue. Paul Marfalcia, as a boy, had been tortured for his refusal to betray his patron, and the story discovers him as the tutor and faithful guardian of his patron's daughter, who was presently to become a pawn in the game of Italian civil war. He accompanied her when she became the wife of the brutal Luke di Varana, who was ready to sacrifice her honour to his ambition. Cæsar Borgia is a shadowy figure in the book, but his ascendancy is very skilfully suggested, and he is the supreme figure at the final banquet when Luke di Varana pays the penalty, and Paul, the Half-Priest, as the cripple is ironically called, revenges the dishonour of his Madonna Maura and the foul murder of her brothers. Poisoning and murder are part of the day's work at Arzano, and visitors are warned, with good reason, to be careful as to what they eat and drink and to avoid dark corners. Mr. Drummond is a practised story-teller. and he moves through this labyrinth of treachery with a sure tread. He avoids most of the dangers incident to such a subject. He writes plainly and honestly without recourse to the tinsel of Wardour Street.

THE WEB OF FRÄULEIN. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is usually a pleasant idyllic touch and a charm of human kindliness that are the prevailing qualities in Mrs. Hinkson's stories, and these qualities are not absent from "The Web of Fräulein," but the main interest of the book centres on Fräulein herself, and she is by no means a charming personality, and is not meant to be. The very sympathy with which she is presented serves in some curious fashion to accentuate the uncannily sinister and repellent developments of her strange character. She grows upon you as a subtle personation of all that is most aggressive, ruthless, overmastering in the German psychology. She goes to the Allanson family as a governess, and at the outset everybody more or less dislikes her. She is squab and reticent and cunning, but has a genius for management, an efficient, practical spirit, and one redeeming quality in a love for music. She is a prodigious worker, and by little and little contrives to take over the control of the household and obtains a strong and irresistible influence over its various members. One in particular succumbs to her inexplicable hypnotic spell with disastrous consequences. The study of Fräulein is a brilliant piece of work, and the story is one of the strongest and most interesting that its author has ever written.

The Bookman's Table.

ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON. By Clayton Hamilton. With Illustrations from Drawings by Walter Hale. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There are many authors whose work seems to have been quite uninfluenced by the places in which it was written, but Stevenson, as Mr. Clayton Hamilton remarks, was not one of these. "Nearly every place that Stevenson visited for more than a fortnight made a keen impression on his mind and exerted an abiding and recurrent influence upon his work. After Stevenson had lived in any place, he made it live in literature; after he had enjoyed himself in any place, he made that place a focus of enjoyment for future generations." Therefore, a visit to the localities from which he drew sensations and materials for his art really helps the student to a fuller understanding of what he has written, and "a pilgrimage on the trail of Stevenson must be regarded, not merely as a sentimental journey, but also as an adventure in literary criticism." It becomes such under the guidance of Mr. Clayton, and is not the less so because his book is, apart from its serious value, a picturesque and fascinating narrative of Stevenson's wandering life, and of the friends and acquaintances he made by the way. Beginning with Stevenson's Edinburgh days, Mr. Hamilton takes you on through the rest of Scotland that has associations with him; then journeys with you through Stevenson's England, and so out to France, where he lived "more freely, more fully, and more happily than in any other country." Thence you are taken through Italy, Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and wherever else in Europe Stevenson tarried, and a final chapter is devoted to his homes and haunts in America. The book not only makes most interesting and enjoyable reading, but is the most illuminating commentary on the stories, poems, essays and travel sketches of Stevenson that has yet been written.

SWORDS FOR LIFE. By Irene Rutherford McLeod. 2s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miss McLeod's "Songs to Save a Soul," published in 1915 were words of an authentic poet. The volume before us is we think an improvement on the former, in certain ways it is more ambitious, it ends with a longish dramatic poem, "Crucified," daring in subject, written with deep feeling, but restrained throughout, seeking no effect by mere crude violence. The author is very conscious of the pain and the cruelty, but knows too the beauty of the Universe, and has learnt that beauty and peace are not always sought in vain. She has great skill in finding fit words and metres, and is not content to follow the fashion of certain modern poets by merely hinting at beauty and poetry. There are many poems we should like to quote in full, but must be content to give two verses, which show well her contrasted moods:

"I am tired, tired, tired; swiftly, surely over my head
The bitter waters are closing, and I know that I am dead,
Dead the hope, dead the fear, dead the soul of me;
I am done with the fighting now, I am done with the will to be."

"Beneath the blessing of his feet
The young green corn is singing,
O, April rain is warm and sweet,
And all the earth is springing!"

PAST AND PRESENT AT THE ENGLISH LAKES. By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, Canon of Carlisle. 5s. net. (MacLehose).

This is another delightful addition to the many books on the English Lake district and its inhabitants, distinguished and obscure, that the enthusiasm of Canon Rawnsley has given to his readers and admirers. We have a glowing account of a "Sunrise on Helvellyn," a charming one of an excursion on foot "From Gowbarrow to Mardale and back," an equally charming one of a motor drive along "A Hundred Miles of Beauty at the Lakes," a most interesting article on "The German Miners at Keswick" (a colony founded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth), and several others—all packed with interest. Perhaps the most attractive of the series is the section in which an old lady, Miss Mary Elizabeth Greenwood, one of the "three of Hartley Coleridge's sweethearts," gives her reminiscences of that lovable old man "Lile Hartley" as the dales-folk affectionately called him. Poor Hartley! What chance in life had he, inheriting as he did to the full his father's lack of will-power? "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" so sang Browning, and poor Hartley always aimed high but came lamentably short of his best endeavours. And we love him none the less—perhaps, all the more on account of his failure. As was said of Burns, so it may be said of him, "Deep in the general heart of men, his power survives." Miss Greenwood's reminiscences are interesting, not only on Hartley's account, but also because they enable us to identify several of the people—chiefly young people—for whom many of his poems were written. The venerable lady's memory would appear to be occasionally at fault. It could not possibly have been in 1839 or 1840 that Southey's granddaughter "Katy Hill" greeted her on the coach at Town End, Grasmere, when she was on her way to school with the third of Hartley's sweethearts, seeing that she was not born before the spring of 1840. Her father was the Rev. Herbert Hill, Vicar of Rydal, who married Bertha Southey in 1839. And she is slightly in error in calling "Christabel Rose Coleridge," Hartley's cousin. She was his niece, being as she was the daughter of his brother, Derwent. Throughout the book there are many slips which the author ought to have avoided, taking into consideration the time and study he has given to matters connected with the Lake country and its literary associations.

POLITICAL AND LITERARY ESSAYS. Third Series. By the Earl of Cromer. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

What to do with our returned Proconsuls has been an acute problem since the days of Wellesley, that super-Marquis. Lord Cromer, in his very distinguished person, offers one solution: they may become reviewers. Whether retired reviewers might be employed (in return) as Proconsuls is a fascinating question, invalidated for immediate discussion by just one fact, that reviewers seem never to retire. Lord Cromer's present papers are almost entirely political, and, touching as they frequently do upon affairs Turkish and Teutonic, have immediate interest and high authority. We listen, of course, most readily to Lord Cromer when he writes about the East. Like most ruling officials he has little real sympathy with the attempts of

Oriental nations to evolve a constitution. Young Turkey and Young Persia have certainly been conspicuous so far for anything but success; still, we must not expect miracles in politics from the East. Our own constitutional advances all had an appearance of anarchy; and what England accomplished in the course of centuries will not be accomplished by Turkey or Persia or Egypt in a year. The wrong inference is drawn from failure. It may be right to say that constitutionalism in China has failed; but it is wrong to say that constitutionalism in China is a failure. If it has failed it must go on trying; it must not be prevented from trying. Lord Cromer does not, in plain words, urge the suppression of these constitutional adventures—indeed, the lack of decisiveness in all these utterances is rather remarkable: but it is easy to see how his sympathy leans. Upon matters less concerned with affairs of state Lord Cromer has nothing very remarkable to say. Nietzsche of course comes into the story; but Lord Cromer's paper on that exaggerated person might have been written by someone who had never opened a volume of his work. Perhaps it is time we let Nietzsche die—he seems to be kept alive most vigorously in this country. In any case, to decide that Nietzsche's disagreeable views are explicable only on the assumption that he was mad all the time is just a little too proconsular for the facts. Even Polonius (another high official with a talent for expression) failed to define true madness. Readers will hear Lord Cromer on any of his subjects with great interest, even though they may withhold complete assent. They will certainly enjoy and admire the zest for scholarship and letters discernible as an undertone in all his utterances.

VITRAIL. By Eugene Mason. 1s. net. (Wilson.)

In the last decade or so Mr. Eugene Mason has published four volumes which have won for him a slowly widening circle of appreciative readers; the wonder is that the circle has not grown larger and more rapidly, for the charm and distinction of his work, both as poet and as essayist, are unquestionable. His "Book of Preferences in Literature," which was published last year, dealt shrewdly and outspokenly with some established reputations in a series of essays that showed him as cunning an artist in prose as he is in verse. An earlier volume of his poems, "The Field Floridus," was praised by such reviewers as Francis Thompson and John Davidson, and we could scarcely find truer words to say of his latest book, "Vitrail," than Francis Thompson wrote of that other: "The very power of him is an eye for external, pictorial beauty, with a palette of words capable of glowing representation. . . . There is something of Keats in the colouring; in the way, also, that the theme is felt and imagined with fulness of illusive phantasy." Perhaps one cannot better do justice to the delicate, imaginative work in this new book than by quoting the sonnet from which it takes its title:

"Upon his molten glass the craftsman throws
Gems powdered fine as dust, gems sapphire-blue,
Gems emerald-green, and burns to every hue
This jewelled window, deep as damask rose.
Held fast by traceries of stone, he shows
In scriptured panes his figures fresh and new,
Brittle, yet strong as bronze, and all to view
Rich in sweet colour exquisitely glows.

In leaded lines I set my painted glass;
I shape thereout my saints, my knights in mail,
Like to the tonsured glazier, yet how frail
My dreams, and nowise perdurable as brass.
His dyes are flushed with splendour, but, alas,
My sunsets fade to moonlight, chill and pale."

With two exceptions, all the poems in this book are sonnets, but none of them excels in beauty and in grace of thought and utterance the lyric at the close, "The Crucifix."

From the man "who dared to speak the truth."

PHOTO: NEWS ILLUSTRATIONS CO.

This is a photograph of Sydney A. Moseley, the famous War Correspondent. "The Looker-on," in a recent issue of "London Opinion," says of him :—

"I am glad to hear that at last we are going to have The Truth About the Dardanelles, anyway. (We shall get it, of course, if we live long enough, from the Commission which has just been appointed to look for it, but I am not referring to that.) Sydney Moseley knows it already, and has written it in a book of that title which Cassell's will publish shortly. Moseley is an able journalist who has worked at his calling in many parts of the world. He went through the Gallipoli Campaign as special correspondent of the Central News and Exchange Telegraph Agency. Before that he had won a reputation as a journalist 'who dared to speak the truth' when he was acting as Egyptian correspondent for several organs at Alexandria, and his book, *With Kitchener to Cairo*, was so outspoken that it was suppressed by the authorities. There are some startling things in his new volume."

This is what Mr. Moseley writes of Waterman's Ideal:

"Waterman's certainly deserved the name of 'Ideal' in the Dardanelles. I saw it in use very often. Apart from my private work, I wrote about 100,000 words with it—despatches, articles, and a book. When I lost it after Suvla I realised I had lost a friend indeed."

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Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. JOHN BALE, SONS & DANIELSON.

Carma, by Blanche Adelaide Brock, is appropriately dedicated to all animal lovers, and will delight children of every age. It consists of a collection of fresh and pleasing little stories, most of them concerning animals and all of them entertaining. Boys and girls will enjoy reading about the cats and dogs, the rabbits, opossums, cockatoos, and various birds and beasts whose adventures are recorded in such a charming fashion, the photographs with which the book is illustrated adding considerably to the realism of the anecdotes. Carma is the name of the fortunate child to whom the tales are told, and they are certainly tales that should do much to create in any who read them a deeper sympathy with dumb creatures, a keener understanding of their ways, and an interest in all they do. The author has evidently studied them carefully, and her work will be highly appreciated by those who, like herself, are genuine lovers of animals.

MR. WERNER LAURIE.

Jerusalem, a novel from the Swedish of Selma Zagerlöf, translated by Velma Swanston Howard (6s.) is a story of a Swedish village rather than any particular individual, or even family. It is thoroughly romantic but not sentimental, all the characters live, and for all the reader can feel both interest and affection. The family of Ingmarssen, it is true, dominate both the village and the story. The Ingmarssens realise their importance and are beloved and respected by their neighbours. They get what they want, though the price to themselves and others is often very high. There are various love stories of different generations: the succeeding chapters are, in some sort, separate stories; they have the real dramatic touch and are particularly suitable for reading aloud. The connecting link of the novel is a religious revival. The schoolmaster, though friendly to the parson who is a good man but a poor priest, starts a mission. But when once the souls of the people are awakened they get beyond his control, and an unlettered fanatic named Hellgum gains the spiritual mastery. Hellgum's view is that religious people must live apart from the world and give up even their beloved village for their faith. The book ends when the best in the village give up all and start on a journey to Jerusalem.

WAR BOOKS.

SOMEWHERE. By Sapper Robert Hall. 1s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Until the war came, Sapper Robert Hall was a Telegraph Operator at the London Central Post Office, and had been in the Post Office service for thirty years. He was over military age, but volunteered for the Signals Section of the R.E., and went out to France in the spring of 1915. These stories and sketches, humorous, poignant, strongly realistic, picture the things he has seen and heard and experienced since he has been in the fighting line. They are simply and graphically written and full of interest; "A Deserter's Romance" is one of the most powerfully dramatic little stories of the war we have read.

ENGLAND'S EFFORT. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder.)

"Mrs. Humphry Ward has struck an effective blow for our country," says Lord Rosebery in a Preface to this book, by writing these vivid and helpful letters on what Britain has done in the war, and what Britain has done is an effort to which "the history of the world produces nothing comparable." Though Mrs. Ward has aimed mainly at the enlightenment of Americans and other neutrals, "there are some among our own people to whom her facts may come as a surprise." There has been no abler vindication of Great Britain's herculean exertions in these years of destiny; it is an impressive record of his country's spiritual and material vitality and greatness that every Briton should be glad to possess.

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT. By R. Scotland Liddell. 8s. 6d. net. (Simpkin.)

For over a year past Mr. Scotland Liddell has been on active service with the Russian Army. He began the story of his experiences out there in "The Track of War," and continues them in this new volume. He was with the Russians through their great retreat; he was in many tight corners with them, and moves you to admiration for their fine simplicity, their human kindliness, and their magnificent qualities as fighting men. Mr. Liddell is a keen observer. and has given us here what is far and away the best narrative we have yet read of the terrible fighting on the Eastern front.

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